

THE DIAL

A SEMI-MONTHLY JOURNAL OF
Literary Criticism, Discussion, and Information.

EDITED BY } Volume XXVI.
FRANCIS F. BROWNE. } No. 302.

CHICAGO, JAN. 16, 1899.

10 cts. a copy. } 315 WABASH AVE.
\$2. a year. } Opposite Auditorium.

SCRIBNER'S NEWEST BOOKS

READY IMMEDIATELY.

THE PORTO RICO OF TO-DAY

Pages from a Correspondent's Note-Book.

By ALBERT GARDNER ROBINSON.

With maps and twenty-four illustrations. 12mo, \$1.50.

In his capacity as a newspaper correspondent Mr. Robinson travelled over the length and breadth of Porto Rico, studying the people and their manners and customs, the trade conditions, the agricultural and commercial situation, the means of transportation and communication, and other serious problems that await solution. The distinguishing note of his book is the clearness and sanity with which this detailed picture of the Porto Rico of to-day is presented. From it one can get an admirable idea of the present condition of this new possession of the United States, and of the business prospects which it holds out.

JUST PUBLISHED.

GENERAL INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF HOLY SCRIPTURE

The Principles, Methods, History, and Results of its Several Departments and of the Whole. By CHARLES A. BRIGGS, D.D. 8vo, \$3.00 net.

Dr. Briggs's new book covers the whole ground of Biblical study; gives a history of every department, with ample illustrations from the new Testament as well as from the Old; states the results thus far attained, the present problems, and the aims for the future. The work takes the place of the author's "Biblical Study," which has been here revised, enlarged to double its former size, and entirely reset, so that it is essentially a new book.

DEMOCRACY

A Study of Government. By JAMES H. HYSLOP, Ph.D., Professor of Logic and Ethics in Columbia University. Crown 8vo, \$1.50.

The present work is an attack upon Democracy by a native American who does not accept Monarchy as a necessary alternative. It is not merely a destructive piece of writing, but is an attempt at a thorough reconstruction of our political institutions. The author insists that the issue cannot longer be evaded and squarely attacks democratic institutions as the first step in drawing attention to the problem before us; and he here proposes a substitute or modification of the present form of government without favoring a reactionary policy. The work is destined to arouse wide discussion, especially in view of the bearing of its arguments upon the new policy of territorial expansion.

THE KINGDOM

An Exegetical Study. By GEORGE DANA BOARDMAN, D.D. 8vo, \$2.00.

The purpose of this book is to explain the frequent and profound New Testament formula, "The Kingdom of God"; to rescue this formula from radical misconceptions; to define its nature; to state its laws; to describe its method; to unfold its symbols; to set forth its issue. Its purpose is irenic. Its method is exegetical, the study including substantially every important Scripture which contains the phrase, "Kingdom of God."

A SHORT HISTORY OF FRANCE A SHORT HISTORY OF GERMANY

By MARY PLATT PARMELE. Each, 16mo, 60 cents net.

The Review of Reviews, speaking of Mrs. Parmele's "Short History of the United States," says: "Its value does not lie in the multitude of facts which it contains, but rather in the lucid, natural way in which a few really important facts are presented and grouped, and in the stimulus which it imparts to a rational study of our country's history."

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 153-157 Fifth Avenue, New York

LIBERAL PRICES PAID

FOR THE FOLLOWING BOOKS:

THE EMBARGO. Boston: 1808 or 1809.
 BURNS'S POEMS. New York: 1788, or Philadelphia, same date.
 NOTES ON WALT WHITMAN. JOHN BURROUGHS. New York: 1867.
 EMERSON. By A. BROOKSON ALCOTT. Cambridge: 1805.
 THE STORY OF A CAT. ALDRICH. Boston: 1879.
 CATALOGUE OF ALL THE BOOKS PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES. Boston: 1804.
 MEMORIAL OF ROBERT BROWNING. Cambridge, Mass. (1800).
 ALICE IN WONDERLAND. D. APPLETON & Co.: 1866.
 LETTERS ADDRESSED TO MRS. BASIL MONTAGUE and B. W. PROCTER by MR. THOMAS CARLYLE. March, 1881.
 RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM. London: 1859, '68, '72, '79, or Boston: 1879.
 POTTERY AND PORCELAIN. PRIMER. New York: 1878.
 THE CHINA HUNTERS' CLUB. New York: 1878.
 HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY BIBLIOGRAPHICAL CONTRIBUTIONS. Any bound volumes.

DEWITT MILLER, P. O. Drawer 1612,
 Philadelphia, Penna.

BRUSH AND PENCIL.

An illustrated monthly magazine for the lover of the beautiful as well as for the artist. It occupies a field peculiarly its own, and is attractive, instructive, and valuable in the Home, the School-room and the Studio. Its photographic color reproductions of current art are different from those of other magazines, and are alone worth more than the subscription price.

The Burbank series of Color Portraits of celebrated Indians, now running (which commenced in the October issue), are of great artistic as well as historic interest. The news-stand editions of both October and November were exhausted within a few days of publication.

An immediate subscription will insure the delivery of future numbers.

Price, \$2.50 per Year.

PUBLISHED BY

THE ARTS AND CRAFTS COMPANY,
 1613 Marquette Building, CHICAGO.

P. F. PETTIBONE & CO.

(INCORPORATED)

FINE STATIONERY

AND

ENGRAVING.

Nos. 48 & 50 Jackson Boulevard, East,
 CHICAGO.

THE TRAVELERS

OF HARTFORD, CONN.

JAMES G. BATTERSON, President.

JOHN E. MORRIS, Secretary.

ISSUES ACCIDENT POLICIES,

Covering Accidents of Travel, Sport, or Business,
 at home and abroad.

ISSUES LIFE & ENDOWMENT POLICIES,

All Forms, Low Rates, and Non-Forfeitable.

ASSETS, \$22,868,994. LIABILITIES, \$19,146,359.

SURPLUS, \$3,722,635.

Returned to Policy Holders since 1864, \$34,360,626.

Are You Going To California?

The California Limited, Santa Fe Route, gives the best and speediest service. Through dining car, and observation car with spacious parlor, especially for use of ladies and children. 2½ days Chicago to Los Angeles.

Address General Passenger Office,
 The Atchison, Topeka and
 Santa Fe Railway,
 CHICAGO.

N. E. A.

THE BIG FOUR ROUTE

TO

WASHINGTON, D. C.,

VIA

Chesapeake & Ohio R'y

More River and Mountain Scenery,

MORE BATTLEFIELDS,

than any other line.

For maps, rates, etc., address

H. W. SPARKS, T. P. A. W. E. CONKLYN, N. W. P. A.

J. C. TUCKER, G. N. A.,

No. 234 Clark Street, CHICAGO.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE, CHICAGO.

BROOKE and his Famous

CHICAGO MARINE BAND.

FIFTH ANNUAL SERIES.

MR. BROOKE, with his band, has lately returned from the East, having been absent from Chicago for twenty-eight weeks. The summer was spent in Philadelphia, where he drew the largest crowds ever seen at any band concert. Concerts were also given in Baltimore, Brooklyn, Boston, and all of the principal cities of New England and New York State. It has been the most successful year the band ever had, and has added much to Mr. Brooke's fame throughout America. The present series of concerts in Chicago will be continued every Sunday afternoon for about twenty weeks, when the band will again go East for another summer in Philadelphia.

BOOKBINDING,

PLAIN AND ARTISTIC,
in all varieties of leather, at moderate prices.

HENRY BLACKWELL,

56 UNIVERSITY PLACE,

NEW YORK.

BRENTANO'S
BOOKS BY MAIL **MONTHLY FREE BULLETIN**
 AT POPULAR PRICES
 218 WABASH AVENUE
 CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

LIBRARIES.

We solicit correspondence with book-buyers for private and other Libraries, and desire to submit figures on proposed lists. Our recently revised topically arranged Library List (mailed gratis on application) will be found useful by those selecting titles.

THE BAKER & TAYLOR CO.,
Wholesale Books, 5 & 7 East 16th St., New York.

DIXIE FLYER TO FLORIDA

DAILY FROM ST. LOUIS

VIA THE

Illinois Central Railroad

AND THE

"Lookout Mountain Route,"

and connecting lines, by the way of

NASHVILLE

CHATTANOOGA

ATLANTA

Leaves St. Louis every evening, is a solid train to Nashville, and carries a

Through Sleeping Car
St. Louis to Jacksonville, Fla.

Day Express also leaves St. Louis every morning, and carries a through sleeping car and coach to Nashville, connecting with through sleeping car to Savannah and to Jacksonville, thus giving

DOUBLE DAILY SERVICE

to Nashville, Chattanooga, Atlanta, and Jacksonville, connecting for all principal points in the Southeast, such as Charleston, Wilmington, Aiken, and Savannah, and for all points in Florida.

Tickets and full information concerning the above can be had of agents of the "Central" and connecting lines.

C. C. McCARTY, D. P. A., St. Louis, Mo.

A. H. HANSON, G. P. A.,
Chicago.

J. F. MERRY, A. G. P. A.,
Dubuque, Iowa.

SAVE YOUR EYES.

Send for package of our prepared (absorbent) polishing paper **FOR CLEANING EYE GLASSES**, etc.

10 cts. (silver) per package; three packages for 25 cts.

CALUMET CHEMICAL CO.,

P. O. Box 57, BLUE ISLAND, ILL.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA (near San Diego).

To be sold, a handsome country residence, fully furnished and replete with every modern convenience, with citrus fruit ranch. Particularly suitable for a family in delicate health. Particulars and photographs, from the owner,

JOHN KENDALL, El Cajon, Cal.

**BOOKS
AT
LIBERAL
DISCOUNTS**

WHEN CALLING, PLEASE ASK FOR
MR. GRANT.

WHENEVER YOU NEED A BOOK,
Address MR. GRANT.

Before buying Books, write for quotations. An assortment of catalogues, and special slips of books at reduced prices, will be sent for a ten-cent stamp.

F. E. GRANT, Books, 23 West 42d Street,
New York.

Mention this advertisement and receive a discount.

READY FEBRUARY.

"THE STUDENT'S BOOK OF DAYS AND BIRTHDAYS."

An attractive book and a valuable gift. Sent postpaid on receipt of price, \$1.25.

Benj. H. Sanborn & Co., Boston.

AUTHORS

Who have BOOK MSS. which they contemplate publishing are invited to correspond with

The Editor Publishing Company,
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

STUDIES IN LITERATURE.

The following "guides" contain full references, instruction, and topics for thorough study by literary clubs and students.

The Study of *Romola*. (Now Ready.) 50 cents.

The Study of *Silas Marner*. (Now Ready.)

The *Idylls of the King*. (In preparation.)

Author and publisher,

Mrs. H. A. DAVIDSON,

No. 1 Sprague Place, ALBANY, N. Y.

Joseph Gillott's Steel Pens.

FOR GENERAL WRITING, Nos. 404, 332, 604 E. F., 601 E. F., 1044.

FOR FINE WRITING, Nos. 303 and 170 (Ladies' Pen), No. 1.

FOR BROAD WRITING, Nos. 294, 350; Stub Points 840, 983, 1008,

1009, 1010, 1043.

FOR ARTISTIC USE in fine drawings, Nos. 600 (Crow Quill), 290,

291, 837, 850, and 1000.

Other Styles to suit all Hands. Gold Medals at Paris Exposition,

1878 and 1889, and the Award at Chicago, 1893.

Joseph Gillott & Sons, 91 John St., New York.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR

STANDARD

100 pages (25 sheet) quires

VERSUS

Short count quires.

BLANK BOOKS ABSOLUTELY FAIR.

HONEST GOODS—FULL COUNT—FAIR PRICES

Manufactured for the Trade by

BOORUM & PEASE COMPANY, 101-103 Duane St., New York.

THE STORY OF FRANCE

Just Ready.
Vol. I. From the Earliest Times to the Consulate of Napoleon Bonaparte.

**Cloth, 8vo,
Two Vols.**

By

The Hon. THOMAS E. WATSON.

Vol. I. From the Settlement by the Gauls to the Death of Louis XV.

Just Ready.

Vol. II. *In Preparation. To be ready next Fall.*

Mr. Watson's treatment of history is from a new and entirely modern point of view. The well-known political leader says in his Preface that it has been his purpose to lay before his readers "a clear narrative of the gradual development of a great people . . . to note the varying forms of government, to trace the ancient origins of modern laws and customs, to mark the encroachments of absolutism upon popular rights, to describe the long continued struggle of the many to throw off the yoke of the few, to emphasize the corrupting influence of the union between Church and State; to illustrate once more the blighting effects of superstition, ignorance, blind obedience, unjust laws, confiscation under the disguise of unequal taxes, and a systematic plunder year by year of the weaker classes by the stronger." The author is in very keen sympathy with the mass of the people, and for the first time we have the historical point of view of the laborer and mechanic told in a style that is bold, racy, and unconventional. It is a vigorous and democratic presentation of history.

BOOKS OF HISTORICAL INTEREST RECENTLY ISSUED.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A VETERAN: 1807-1893.

By General Count ENRICO DELLA ROCCA. Translated from the Italian and Edited by JANET ROSS. Portrait. 8vo, cloth, gilt top, pp. xii. + 299, \$2.50.

Full of personal information about the leaders in the development of United Italy, Garibaldi, Cavour, and the Savoy Princes, etc.

CAVOUR.

By the Countess EVELYN MARTINENGO CESARESCO. Crown 8vo, cloth, pp. viii. + 222. 75 cents.

A new volume in the series of "Foreign Statesmen." Uniform with "Maria Theresa," "Charles the Great," "William the Silent," "Philip II.," "Richelieu," "Joseph II."

THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD from Slavery to Freedom.

By WILBUR H. SHERBET, Associate Professor of European History, Ohio State University. Very fully illustrated with Views, Portraits, Facsimiles, and Maps. About 500 pp., cloth, extra crown 8vo. \$4.00.

It was as a "station-keeper" on this secret thoroughfare for fugitive slaves that Harriet Beecher Stowe gleaned the most striking incidents of her "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

TO BE PUBLISHED SHORTLY.

HISTORY.

ADAMS.—European History, an Outline of its Development.

By GEORGE B. ADAMS, Professor of History, Yale University. Fully illus. Crown 8vo.

BOTSFORD.—A History of Greece for High Schools and Academics.

By GEORGE WILLIS BOTSFORD, Ph.D., Harvard University, author of "Development of the Athenian Constitution."

COLONNA.—*Li. Livres du Gouvernement des Rois.*

A Thirteenth Century French Edition of Egidio Colonna's famous treatise which is now published for the first time (aside from the early Latin editions). Edited by SAMUEL MOLENAAR, University of Pennsylvania, formerly Fellow of Columbia University. Columbia University Press.

PATTEN.—The Development of English Thought.

A Study in the Economic Interpretation of History. By SIMON N. PATTEN, University of Pennsylvania.

WISE.—The Life of Henry A. Wise.

By his Grandson, BARTON H. WISE, of the Richmond, Virginia, Bar. Of unusual interest and value to students of American history.

ECONOMICS.

BRADFORD.—The Lesson of Popular Government.

By GAMALIEL BRADFORD, A.B.

BROWN.—The Development of Thrift.

By MARY WILCOX BROWN, General Secretary of the Watson Children's Aid Society, Baltimore.

GIDDINGS.—Democracy and Empire

By FRANKLIN H. GIDDINGS, author of "Principles of Sociology," etc.

OSTROGORSKI.—Democracy and the Organization of Political Parties.

By M. OSTROGORSKI. Introduction by JAMES BYCE.

RICHMOND.—Friendly Visiting among the Poor.

A Handbook for Charity Workers. By MARY E. RICHMOND, General Secretary of the Charity Organization Society of Baltimore.

VEBLEN.—The Theory of the Leisure Class.

An Economic Study in the Evolution of Institutions. By THORSTEIN B. VEBLEN, Ph.D., Managing Editor of the *Journal of Political Economy*, University of Chicago.

EDUCATION, PHILOSOPHY, Etc., Etc.

QUICK.—The Life and Remains of Rev. R. H. Quick.

Edited by F. STONE, Editor of *The Journal of Education* (London).

An account of the noted educator, schoolmaster, author of "Essays on Educational Reformers," etc., one of the first writers on the theory of education in English.

ROGERS.—A Brief Introduction to Modern Philosophy.

By ARTHUR KENTON ROGERS, Ph.D., University of Chicago.

WARD.—Naturalism and Agnosticism.

By JAMES WARD, M.A., LL.D., Fellow of Trinity College, and Professor of Mental Philosophy, Cambridge.

WEIR.—The Dawn of Reason.

By JAMES WEIR, Jr., M.D.

A study of mental traits in the lower animals, with special reference to insects.

VAN DYKE.—The Gospel for a World of Sin.

By HENRY VAN DYKE, D.D., author of "The Gospel for an Age of Doubt," etc., to which the above is a companion.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, 66 Fifth Ave., New York.

THE DIAL

A Semi-Monthly Journal of Literary Criticism, Discussion, and Information.

THE DIAL (founded in 1880) is published on the 1st and 16th of each month. TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.00 a year in advance, postage prepaid in the United States, Canada, and Mexico; in other countries comprised in the Postal Union, 50 cents a year for extra postage must be added. Unless otherwise ordered, subscriptions will begin with the current number. REMITTANCES should be by draft, or by express or postal order, payable to *THE DIAL*. SPECIAL RATES TO CLUBS and for subscriptions with other publications will be sent on application; and SAMPLE COPY on receipt of 10 cents. ADVERTISING RATES furnished on application. All communications should be addressed to

THE DIAL, 315 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

No. 302. JANUARY 16, 1899. Vol. XXVI.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE REPORT OF THE CHICAGO EDUCATIONAL COMMISSION	37
THE AMERICAN REJECTION OF POE. <i>Charles Leonard Moore</i>	40
THE VIRGINIA MEETING OF THE MODERN LANGUAGE ASSOCIATION. <i>Thomas Stockham Baker</i>	42
THE NEBRASKA MEETING OF THE CENTRAL MODERN LANGUAGE ASSOCIATION. <i>W. H. Carruth</i>	43
COMMUNICATION	43
Book Distribution: A Suggestion. <i>W. H. Johnson</i> .	
IN UNEXPLORED ASIA. <i>E. G. J.</i>	44
MR. LESLIE STEPHEN'S STUDIES OF A BIOGRAPHER. <i>Ellen C. Hinsdale</i>	46
CHINA IN HISTORY AND IN FACT. <i>Selim H. Peabody</i>	48
RECENT POETRY. <i>William Morton Payne</i>	50
Gilder's In Palestine.—Cawein's Idyllic Monologues.—Lodge's The Song of the Wave.—Bragdon's The Golden Person in the Heart.—Rice's The Flying Sands.—Scollard's A Christmas Garland.—Mrs. Howe's From Sunset Ridge.—Mrs. Higginson's When the Birds Go North Again.—Mrs. Perry's Impressions.—Miss Guiney's England and Yesterday.—Den King's Verse.—Poems of Francis Brooks.—More's A Century of Indian Epigrams.—Rosenfeld's Songs from the Ghetto.—Drummond's Phil-o-rum's Canoe.—Scott's Labor and the Angel.—Meredith's Odes in Contribution to the Song of French History.—Bell's Pictures of Travel.—Doyle's Songs of Action.—Tarelli's Persephone.	
BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS	56
A Briton's view of his American kin.—The predecessor of Major Marchand.—Birds and bird-worship in antiquity.—Horse-shoe magic and other folk-lore.—Vondel's Lucifer in English verse.—German Elizabeth and her garden.—A Scotch life of Stevenson.—A naturalist in the Southern Alleghanies.—A marvellous perpetuation of a Hebrew grammar.—Thackeray in America.	
BRIEFER MENTION	60
LITERARY NOTES	61
LIST OF NEW BOOKS	61

THE REPORT OF THE CHICAGO EDUCATIONAL COMMISSION.

The public schools of Chicago constitute one of the two largest city systems in the United States, and, previous to the very recent infusion of new methods and progressive ideas into the management of the New York schools, the Chicago system might fairly claim the place of first importance, both for the efficiency of its work and for its exemplification of that generosity of public support given to the cause of education which is the highest mark of American civilization. Recently, the attention of the educational world has been focussed more sharply than ever upon the Chicago schools, owing to a series of incidents connected with the appointment of the former president of Brown University to the superintendency, and to the energetic way in which Dr. Andrews has asserted the prerogatives that should rightfully attach to the high office which he holds. During the few months that have passed since his tenure began, he has not only impressed a vigorous personality upon the management of the schools under his charge, but also, which is still more noteworthy, he has gained the suffrages of those who were at the outset most strongly opposed to his appointment.

The call of Dr. Andrews to Chicago, for which Mayor Harrison was largely responsible, must be considered, in one sense at least, as but an incident in a far-reaching plan of school reorganization conceived by the latter early in the term of his executive office. For the purpose of giving effect to this plan, the Mayor, with the authority of the City Council, appointed, more than a year ago, an Educational Commission of eleven members, headed by President Harper of the University of Chicago. This Commission was directed to make a thorough examination of the school system, as well as of the statutes under which it is conducted, to deliberate, with the aid of the best expert opinion anywhere obtainable, upon the changes in law and organization made desirable by the growth of the city as well as by the progress of educational methods and ideals, and to embody the conclusions reached in a report which might become the basis of future action. The Commission, consisting of members of the Chicago

Board of Education and the Chicago Council, of men prominent in affairs and the professions, entered with enthusiasm upon the work assigned it, invited suggestions from all quarters that seemed to promise help, held weekly sessions, and sometimes daily sessions, all through the year just ended, and has at last published its conclusions in a Report of nearly three hundred pages addressed to the Mayor and the City Council. The result of all this labor is one of the most important educational documents ever produced; it cannot fail to attract widespread attention and excite deep interest wherever the importance of public education is understood. It affords a striking example of a necessary piece of work done in the right way, and it is much to the credit of Mayor Harrison that he should have taken the initiative in this commendable enterprise. We have said more than once that of the duties incumbent upon the chief executive of a great city those which relate to the conduct of the public schools are paramount to all others, and in the present case, as perhaps never before in the history of Chicago, the importance of these duties seems to have been realized.

Of the Report as a whole, two or three preliminary general statements should be made. In the first place, it does not assume that things have been going badly in school affairs up to the present time, but rather gives full recognition to the efficiency already attained and to the self-sacrificing devotion of past and present Boards of Education. But it recognizes also the fact that both the school law of the State and the school machinery of the city have become defective by the mere process of becoming outgrown. As is remarked by Dr. G. F. James, who has served as Secretary to the Commission, and prepared the Report for publication, "the city has grown at a rapid rate, and in this department, as in some others, a plan of administration has been retained which, although good for a city of moderate size, is entirely inadequate for one of nearly two millions." Mayor Harrison gave expression to the same thought when he said, in asking for authority to create the Commission, that "with the continual growth of the city, additional burdens keep coming to the door of the Board of Education, which is seriously handicapped by having to deal with new conditions and difficult developments in the harness of antiquated methods." The spirit of the entire Report is thus not complainingly critical, for it aims far more at construction than at destruc-

tion, and all those who have heretofore been working for the good of the Chicago schools, under adverse conditions, will find in it the fullest sympathy with what they have done, and the most cordial recognition of their disinterested devotion.

A reconstruction of the school law of the State is essential to the carrying out of the recommendations of the Commission, and it has been an important part of the work done by that body to draft, under competent legal advice, a new and comprehensive statute. Since the most important of the recommendations made find a place in the proposed new legislation, we may as well direct attention at once to those pages of the Report in which this draft of a law is found. It takes the form of "an act to amend" the act of 1889 by repealing twelve sections of the sixth article, and substituting therefor nineteen new sections. Applying only to cities of more than one hundred thousand inhabitants, it would affect Chicago alone, and afford one more illustration of the way in which the special legislation, denied by the Constitution of Illinois, may be had without doing violence to the fundamental law of the State. The most important features of the proposed law are: (1) A reduction of membership in the Board of Education from twenty-one to eleven. (2) The power to exercise the right of eminent domain in the acquisition of land needed for school purposes. (3) The duty of establishing several kinds of schools not specifically named under preceding legislation. (4) The creation of a definite status for the Superintendent, with a tenure of six years, a right to participate in the discussions of the Board of Education, and full executive power (subject only to a two-thirds vote of disapproval) in all educational matters. (5) The creation of a similar status, with ample powers, for the Business Manager. (6) The creation of a Board of Examiners for the purpose of certifying eligible candidates for appointment and promotion. There are, of course, many other provisions, but these six are of prime importance, and deserve to be thus singled out from the rest. It will be evident enough to all readers who are in touch with the best educational thought of the age that these recommendations are not merely sound, but that they are absolutely necessary for the proper administration of a great municipal system of schools. We can hardly imagine a serious argument directed against any one of them, and no effort should be spared to give them the force of law at the earliest opportunity.

There are, indeed, a few minor points in all this suggested legislation that may need modification before the final action is taken. This fact is realized by the members of the Commission, who unite in saying that "the interests which are here involved are so weighty and are of such supreme import to the community that hasty and inconsiderate action in these matters is above all to be deprecated. We hope, therefore, that the system of school management which is here proposed will be entirely and thoroughly reviewed, before any attempt is made to embody its provisions in the school law." These are counsels of soberness, and, while we believe that the proposed law would, as a whole, prove inestimably valuable to the interests of the public, we are in doubt concerning the substance of two or three among the minor provisions, and concerning the exact wording of some of the more significant ones. At present we will call attention to but two points, of which the first relates to appointment upon the Board of Examiners. "To be eligible as a special examiner, an applicant must possess either a bachelor's degree from a college or university, or an equivalent educational training, together with at least five years' successful experience in teaching since graduation." These qualifications are certainly not too high, and possibly are not high enough. The required number of years of experience might be doubled without doing harm, and a great deal more than the amount of education represented by the bachelor's degree might reasonably be demanded. Our doubt relates to the construction of the words "or an equivalent educational training." They do not seem to make sufficiently emphatic the idea that the education itself, however got, "is the thing," and not the particular way in which the beginnings of it happened to be acquired. The question arises, would Mr. Herbert Spencer, for example, who had no "training" in the narrow technical sense, be eligible for appointment under this provision? If he would not, some modification of the phrase is obviously called for. Our other point relates to the power to dismiss teachers, which is given to the Superintendent. Here is an ambiguity that should be cleared away, for the closing section of the proposed law provides that "nothing herein contained shall be construed as repealing" the Pension Act of 1895. Now, the latter act expressly declares that teachers shall not be dismissed "except for cause upon written charges, which shall be investigated and determined by

the said Board of Education, whose action and decision in the matter shall be final." This would certainly lead to troublesome litigation were the new law to contradict the old one as is now proposed. Between these two conflicting ways of dealing with this difficult question, we must decide for the law as it now stands. It *ought* to be difficult to dismiss a teacher. The responsibility of appointment is greater than is commonly realized, and this fact cannot be brought too forcibly home to those upon whom the responsibility devolves. Let appointments be safe-guarded in every way, by academic and physical examinations, by certificates of moral character, by probationary periods under regular supervision, but let them also, when once definitely made, bring with them the same security of tenure that is enjoyed by a Federal judge. The retention of poor teachers in the service is a heavy penalty to pay for laxity in the methods of their appointment; but the arbitrary power of dismissal, lodged in the hands of any one official, would embody a still greater wrong.

We have said so much about the legislative appendix of this Report that we have but little space to devote to the elaborate discussions which make up its substance. Not only the matters which reappear in the proposed law, but many others, are discussed from every point of view, and in the most elaborate fashion. The Report consists of an introduction, twenty articles, and eleven appendices. Most of the articles have numerous sections, each of the latter with its own thesis, argument, and illustrative material. We would like to dwell at much greater length than is at present possible upon this illustrative material. It appears in the form of lengthy footnotes, and consists of apposite extracts from the best recent educational literature, of resolutions sent to the Commission by the various professional bodies of the city, and of the opinions upon special points, solicited for the purpose, of a great number of experts in the art pedagogical. There is nothing so discouraging as the feeling, which often comes over those who are in contact with large educational systems, that the most vital thought upon the subject seems to produce no visible effect upon the machinery. There is so much inertia to overcome, and the impact of the force seems so inadequate. The right way of doing things is pointed out so clearly, as well as so frequently, that one almost wearies of reading about it; yet the wrong way continues to be practised despite all logic and all enlightened

leadership. It is, then, peculiarly refreshing to read an educational document which, like the one before us, actually goes to the best sources for light and counsel, and seeks to make a direct practical application, upon the very largest scale, of the ideas thus obtained. It gives heart to the educational thinker, making him feel that his work may not have been done in vain after all, that the empty air, which seemed to swallow up his words, has really wafted them to a fruitful soil, where they may hope to be productive after their kind. Over and over again, in reading this Report (and we have studied it from the first page to the last), we have found both in the argument itself and in the passages adduced in support thereof, ideas so enlightened, so far in advance of anything that has heretofore come within the range of practical possibilities, so full of promise to the toilers in a profession that has often been made, through wantonness or mere indifference, far more thankless than was necessary, that we have stopped to wonder if it could all be real, if in very fact it could be true that these things were actually included in a plan offered for serious consideration by a body of practically-minded men, and under auspices that bid fair to bring about its adoption. Upon some future occasion we shall probably call specific attention to some of these matters, as well as point out a few things here and there that seem to us mistakes, but we must now be content to conclude by saying that the Report is one of the strongest educational documents that we have ever seen; as a model of compact statement and cogent reasoning it is a product of the trained intelligence that cannot fail to impress all who examine it, and is sure to exert a wide influence upon the administration of public education in our great cities.

THE AMERICAN REJECTION OF POE.

Accepted authors are like those old estates which were held by the annual rent of a rose or a piece of fruit: we have nothing to do but to enjoy them and pay them a passing tribute of praise. A poet such as Poe, however, is like the feudal tenures which were retained on condition of service at arms. Every new admirer has to fight against the prejudices and lingering malignities which obscure and injure his chief. Burke complained that with all his services to the state he could get no credence or acceptance anywhere. At every gate he had to show his passport. In his own country, at least, Poe's fame is continually under arrest, and his friends have always

to be giving bail for him. Perhaps this demand for defense evokes a love and loyalty which are in themselves a reward.

Why is it that America has always set its face against Poe? What defect was there in his life and art, or what deficiency in the American character and æsthetic sense, or what incompatibility between these factors in the case, to produce such a result? That to a great extent he is ignored and repudiated is unquestionable. His life has been written and his works edited of late in a spirit of cold hostility. Volumes of specimen selections of prose or verse appear with his work omitted. In those foolish lists of American great men which it was the fashion recently to cause school-children to memorize, he was always left out. Meanwhile, Europe has but one opinion in the matter; and whereas Tennyson is domesticated in English-speaking lands, Poe is domiciled and a dominant force wherever there is a living literature.

Poe never had a good *back*, such as the New England writers obtained, to push him to the front and keep him there. He was of the South — the very incarnation of the South; and the South has always ordered its authors to move on, for fear they might die on the parish. The South wreaked itself on politics — ruined itself by politics — and has never had the will or desire to stand up for its greatest son. The North has always had plenty of plain livers and high thinkers who ought to have welcomed the martyr of thought and imagination; but something exotic in Poe, which hinted of another clime and age, repelled these cold and clannish spirits. So, homeless in his life, Poe is still beating about like the Flying Dutchman, ever seeking and always denied a harbor in his country-people's hearts.

Poe had of course a part in this tragedy of errors and misconceptions, — but, as I should judge, an entirely honorable one. There are three excellent ways in which a man can get himself disliked by his fellows: he may stand aloof from them, he may indulge in the practice of irony, and he may be "ever right, Menenius, ever right." Poe was an offender in all these respects. He never seems to have had an intimate friend — anyone who could do for him what Hamlet craved of Horatio with his dying breath. Somebody said of Calhoun that he looked like one who had lost the power of communicating with his fellow beings. A like spell of isolation is upon Poe. Wanting in humor, he sometimes tried to range his mind with others by the use of irony; or he assumed an air which I suppose he thought that of a man of the world, but which is quite detestable. He wrote an essay on Diddling as an exact science, and people jumped to the conclusion that he was Jeremy himself in person. He took a grim delight in scenes of horror, and people imagined he acted them in life. "The Raven" has been described as an utterance of remorse. Remorse for what? I have read everything that has been gathered about Poe, and I cannot, for my life, imagine him as

anything but a stainless and chivalrous knight. The few, trivial, and usually unsubstantiated smutches which microscopic industry has found on his armor would not show at all against a panoply less pure and white.

I remember reading an anecdote of a lieutenant in the British Navy who entertained Byron on his ship in the Levant. Byron was proud of his seamanship, and the acute officer would carefully have something disarranged in the top hamper of the ship before the poet came on deck in the morning. When the latter did so, he would cock his eye aloft and immediately discover and point out the irregularity. The lieutenant would apologize, and have it remedied. Byron liked that lieutenant, and men in general like those who give them something to forgive. Poe, a logic machine, was absolutely incapable of those pleasing flaws and deficiencies which allow other people to have a good opinion of themselves. He always added up true. The tradition is that he was a drunkard. There is not evidence enough against him to hang a dog. All the testimony actually produced — all the witnesses who give their names and addresses, people who lived with him and knew him best, deny it. That he was easily affected by liquor and sometimes overcome by it, is possible, — and what does it matter? That there was any debauchery is impossible. His poverty proves it — the amount of work he did proves it; and, most of all, the quality of what he wrote, which grew in power and concentration to the last. There is more plausibility in the accusation of irregularity in money matters. In a life so harassed as Poe's, a few ragged debts might easily be left. But here again there is nothing definite. Nobody has come forward with notes of hand or evidences of defalcation. On the contrary, letter after letter has come to light showing Poe's scrupulous exactitude about obligations. Practically, he was cheated by almost everyone with whom he came in contact — and then these, to shield themselves, cried after him "Stop thief!" He built up two or three magazines for others, and when, dissatisfied with the pittance thrown him, he designed a magazine of his own, he was laughed at and derided. Really, my only grievance against Poe is that he was too good. He ought to have taken to the road and compelled a just tribute at the point of the pistol.

Poe's principles of criticism are true enough within limits, but they are far from being the whole truth. His lack of humor, deficient knowledge of human nature, and insensibility to that side of greatness which results from mere mass, quite incapacitated him from criticising the mightiest works of literature. But he never attempted such criticism; and for the work he had to do — the appreciation of our modern English or American masters — he was almost infallible. And surely no writer has ever praised his contemporaries and rivals as he did. He seems to have written with no thought of self, with a humility almost pathetic. He may be said

to have discovered Hawthorne, and he crowned him king of the short story. His article on Bryant is still a just estimate. The innocently imitative quality of Longfellow's genius offended him, but he speaks of the New England poet otherwise with respect, and calls him the leading poet of the day. He fairly returned Lowell's praise. His enthusiasm for Tennyson was excessive: it was idolatry. He pointed out Mrs. Browning's faults, but wrote of her with a fervor which no one else has imitated. His eulogy of the singularly neglected R. H. Horne sets one in a glow. This high and generous appreciation of the best in contemporary literature was coupled with a decided distaste for trash, — and, unfortunately, his calling as a critic compelled him to deal more with trash than with excellence. He wrote his *Dunciad*, and after his death the dunces had their revenge.

Every one of Poe's greater poems is a distinct and original effort. He could not repeat himself. In the case of the majority of poets, the style is the same throughout — or at most they have two or three different manners. It would not be difficult, for example, to piece together, into a seamless whole, portions of separate poems by Wordsworth or Tennyson. But each one of Poe's is a vital entity — born once, and not again. He is not, in poetry, one of those constellations which spread over half the sky, which hold their heads in the zenith while their skirts are obscured below the horizon, — rather, he is a small compact cluster of stars. If we could imagine the stars of the Pleiades differently colored — one red, one yellow, one green, and so forth, but each one vividly aflame in its several hue — we should get a good image of Poe's poetry. He is not, like Shelley, a poet of the fourth dimension, yet neither is he distinctly sensuous, and he furnishes but few copy-book maxims or proverbial phrases. Rather in him imagery, diction, music, merge into one effect, as fire is a compound of a hundred different things. His thought, too, does not obtrude itself. He has, indeed, what I might call the sentiment of profundity rather than special precision of thought.

Poe's tales seem to me the third collection in point of merit in literature — the other two being the *Arabian Nights* and *Boccaccio*. He has not the humor of the one nor the human nature of the other; but he surpasses them both in depth and imagination, and for originality he is unrivalled anywhere. No one else has opened so many paths, burst into so many new regions of romance. Indeed, as one sees authors all over the world painfully following in his tracks, each one exploring a single region which Poe discovered and dismissed in a few pages, one feels that he was the compendium of all possible literary pioneers and explorers — a dozen Colum-buses rolled into one.

There is a small group of Poe's tales, usually passed over, which is worth a moment's mention. It consists of "The Power of Words," "The Colloquy of Monus and Una," "The Conversation of Eiros and Charmion," "Shadow, a Fable," and

"Silence, a Parable." They are not wanting in a certain alloy of De Quinceyism which at times mars Poe's style of perfect plainness; but they are singularly impressive in thought. They have that manner or sentiment of profundity which I have spoken of, more even than his poems; and they lead up to Poe's final work, "Eureka."

"Eureka" has, I judge, been less read than anything else Poe wrote. Certainly it has been little discussed. The average critic probably finds it difficult to place, and so lets it alone. It is difficult to place. It is too scientific for rhapsody — too plain for mysticism; and yet it is hardly either science or metaphysics. It might be tersely described as the ideas of Spinoza in the language of Newton. Poe as a thinker resembles those old Greek philosophers — Pythagoras, Parmenides, or Empedocles — who chanted in verse their luminous guesses as to the origin and constitution of things, without troubling themselves as to any analysis of their knowledge. Coleridge said of Spinoza that if it rather than I was the central fact of existence, Spinoza would be right. It and not I was the basis of the Pre-Socratic Greek thinkers; and perhaps our most modern philosophy has the same foundation. Schopenhauer's substitution of Will for Consciousness as the final fact, and the Darwinian theory, both tend that way. Without knowing anything of Schopenhauer, and anterior to Darwin, Poe's thought also tends that way. He has nothing of the mathematical pedantry of Spinoza, and of course none of the immense scientific detail of the evolutionists; but I do not see why his guess is not as good as theirs. In one very startling idea he seems to have been anticipated. Deducing that the Universe is finite — mainly because laws cannot be conceived to exist in the unlimited — he goes on to say there may yet exist other worlds and other universes, each in the bosom of its own private and peculiar God. Cardinal Newman is authority for the statement that Franklin used to dally with this idea in conversation. Poe, while in Philadelphia, may possibly have heard of Franklin's speculation. I can recall nothing like it elsewhere.

I have not space to follow Poe into the other spheres of his intellectual activity — into his studies in Landscape Gardening and Household Decoration, on Versification and the Philosophy of Composition, and much else. Poe, in my judgment, was the greatest intellect America has produced — assuredly the best artist. He reminds me of a sower stalking down a furrow and scattering broadcast seed which a multitude of crows attendant upon him appropriate to their own use and behoof without a single croak of thanks. In a crude new world, a spirit was born to whom even the old world, where time has mellowed and enriched men's lives by layer on layer of myth and metaphysic, drift after drift of legend and history, decay above decay of citadels and cities and empires, — to whom even this soil and surrounding would have seemed harsh and strange. The crude new world could make nothing of this spirit, except

that it was not worth while to waste good provisions on such an uninvited guest, and that it was best to huddle him into his grave with lies. But enough! The little that Poe got is gone. The much that he gave remains — a glory forever.

CHARLES LEONARD MOORE.

THE VIRGINIA MEETING OF THE MODERN LANGUAGE ASSOCIATION.

The most important feature of the sixteenth annual meeting of the Modern Language Association of America, which was held December 27, 28, and 29, in the buildings of the University of Virginia, at Charlottesville, was the announcement of the completion of the Report of the Committee of Twelve, which had been appointed two years ago at the meeting held in Cleveland. As stated in the resolution creating the Committee, the object was, "(a) to consider the position of the Modern Languages — French and German — in Secondary Education; (b) to examine into and make recommendations upon methods of instruction, the training of teachers, and such other questions connected with the teaching of the Modern Languages in the Secondary Schools and the Colleges as in the judgment of the Committee may require consideration." The personnel of the Committee was as follows: Prof. Calvin Thomas, Columbia University, Chairman; E. H. Babbitt, Secretary; B. L. Bowen, H. C. G. Brandt, W. H. Carruth, S. W. Cutting, A. M. Elliott, C. H. Grandgent, G. A. Hench, H. A. Rennert, W. B. Snow, and B. W. Wells.

The Report is about twenty-five thousand words in length, and its presentation in full was therefore impossible. Professor Thomas gave a summary, which showed the thoroughness with which every phase of the subject had been studied, and indicated conclusively that the document must be considered as final and decisive for many of the points investigated. The historical part of the paper is of very great interest, while the constructive value of the suggestions will depend upon their general adoption. The Report has been asked for by the United States Bureau of Education, and will doubtless be published in the series of educational publications. It will be finally acted upon by the Association at its next annual meeting.

The attendance at the meeting was in round numbers one hundred, which must be regarded as a large representation. The various Eastern universities and colleges all sent good delegations. Harvard had an unusually strong representation, while Johns Hopkins, Yale, and Columbia contributed materially to the success of the meeting. As was to be expected, the Southern colleges were also represented in large numbers.

The great number of papers read made it necessary to limit each speaker to twenty minutes. This was felt to be a hardship by some of the delegates, but most of those who came with papers had reduced their studies to the form of abstracts or presented merely a part of their investigations. To these the shortness of the time allowed was in no sense an inconvenience. An unusual number of the papers had more than special interest, and there can be observed from year to year a distinct effort to select topics which will be of value to the larger body of the delegates present. Until this effort is consistently carried out, the reading of the essays will not attract the attention that they in most cases merit.

An invitation from the Central Association to hold a joint meeting in Indianapolis next December was declined because it had been proposed to have a Philological Congress in the year 1900.

The election of Professor H. C. G. von Jagemann, one of the founders of the Association, to the Presidency for next year was generally regarded as peculiarly appropriate. The other changes in officers included merely the substitution of Messrs. L. E. Menger, H. S. White, and W. D. Toy, for Messrs. C. T. Winchester, Bliss Perry, and A. R. Hohlfeld, on the Executive Council.

The social arrangements, which were in the hands of the local committee, Professors Charles W. Kent, James A. Harrison, and Paul B. Barringer, included two very handsome receptions, a luncheon, and an excursion to the home of Thomas Jefferson at Monticello. The genuine Southern hospitality accorded on all hands to the members contributed greatly to the success of one of the best meetings ever held by the Association.

THOMAS STOCKHAM BAKER.

Johns Hopkins University, Jan. 2, 1899.

THE NEBRASKA MEETING OF THE CENTRAL MODERN LANGUAGE ASSOCIATION.

The fourth annual meeting of the Central Division of the Modern Language Association of America was held December 27, 28, and 29, in the library building of the University of Nebraska, at Lincoln. There was a relatively small attendance, as was to be expected at a meeting held so far to one side of the district, yet there was a representation of many states and of all the departments interested. Moreover, there was some gain in the way of closer contact and greater freedom of intercourse and discussion, due perhaps to the smaller circle. Doubtless one element in determining the choice of Lincoln as a meeting-place was the presence of that veteran scholar, Professor Edgren, and his participation was a powerful attraction of the sessions.

In addition to the address by the President, Professor C. Alphonso Smith, of the University of Louisiana, on "The Work of the Modern Language Association," the following papers were read: "Certain Peculiarities of the Structure of the I-Novel," by Miss Katherine Merrill, of Austin, Ill.; "The Root-changing Verbs in Spanish" and "Historical Dictionaries," by Professor A. H. Edgren, of the University of Nebraska; "Leonard Cox and the First English Rhetoric," by Dr. F. I. Carpenter, of the University of Chicago; "Tense Limitations of the Modal Auxiliaries in German," by Professor W. H. Carruth, of the University of Kansas; "The Poetic Value of Long Words," by Professor A. H. Tolman, of the University of Chicago; "The Origin of Some Ideas of Sense-perception," by Professor E. A. Wood, of Cornell College, Iowa; "Dramatic Renaissance," by Miss Anstie Harris, of Rockford College, Ill.; "A Method of Teaching Metrics," by Mr. Edward P. Morton, of the University of Indiana; "Wilhelm Müller and the Italian Folksong," by Dr. Philip S. Allen, of the University of Chicago; "Le Covenant Vivien," by Professor Raymond Weeks, of the University of Missouri; "Anglo-Saxon Readers," by Miss Louise Pound, of the University of Nebraska; "Poe's Critique of Hawthorne," by Dr. H. M. Belden, of the University of Missouri; and "The Concord of Collectives," by Professor C. Alphonso

Smith, of the University of Louisiana. Several other papers that were announced did not arrive in time to be presented, or were read by title. In addition to these papers, Professor Starr W. Cutting, of the University of Chicago, on behalf of the Committee of Twelve, presented its report on Entrance Requirements in Modern Languages. This is a committee of the whole Association, which has been working for two years on the subject named, and the report, which is to be printed by the National Bureau of Education, will probably go far toward establishing approximate standards in modern language teaching, while tending to improve the quality of the work done as well as of the ideals for the future.

It would be impossible in the space of such a notice as this even to mark the striking features of the many interesting papers read. Besides the scholarly and charming address of the President, some of the papers that aroused particular interest and discussion were those by Miss Merrill, Mr. Morton, Dr. Allen, and Dr. Carpenter. President Smith and Secretary Schmidt-Wartenberg were reelected. Receptions were given to the members of the Association by Professor Edgren, and by the University Club.

W. H. CARRUTH.

Lawrence, Kas., Jan. 5, 1899.

COMMUNICATION.

BOOK DISTRIBUTION: A SUGGESTION.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Your editorial of January 1 on the Distribution of Books reminds me of a letter which I had in my hands a year or two ago, in which Mr. Caleb Atwater gave a contemporaneous account of his method of disposing of his "History of Ohio." He simply loaded the edition into a wagon, took the lines into his own hands, and drove up and down the settled portions of the state disposing of copies wherever he could find a buyer, as any honest farmer might dispose of his surplus cabbages. There was no furnishing of innumerable copies to hungry reviewers, no tribute to the newspapers for advertising, no division of income with the middle-man in any shape or form.

Now here is a bonanza for some literary celebrity who is bold enough to embrace it. Imagine Mr. Marion Crawford drawing up to your door in a Roman chariot with a supply of "Ave Roma Immortalis," or Mr. Hamlin Garland in an ox-cart with his newest illustration of Western freshness and unconventionality in literature, or Mr. Lafcadio Hearn in a jinrikisha with a lap full of his latest Japanese studies, or Colonel Roosevelt dashing up on a mustang with a knapsack full of his forthcoming "Rough Riders" and a commissary wagon with the rest of the edition following behind! Who could resist the temptation to buy, especially when the distinguished author could without any extra charge put his autograph on the fly-leaf while you were fumbling in your pockets for the money? We have been told again and again that the production of literature is a business and should be conducted on business principles, and we have seen a growing tendency to adopt any method of securing a market which has proved successful in other lines of business: now here is something which will be an attractive novelty to a novelty-loving generation,—let us see who will be the first to start.

W. H. JOHNSON.

Granville, Ohio, Jan. 12, 1899.

The New Books.

IN UNEXPLORED ASIA.*

The appetite of the public, which has been whetted for Dr. Hedin's book, "Through Asia," by some preliminary tid-bits, can now judge of the feast as a whole. Certainly we find here an interesting record of very large achievements, perhaps we might say unique achievements, in exploration. By quite primitive means of travel, Dr. Hedin, between 1893 and 1897, covered more than 6500 miles of rough and desert country, and over 2000 miles of this was through regions wholly unexplored, while the rest was only very partially known through one, two, or at the most three predecessors.

The field of Dr. Hedin's very remarkable exploits was the largest unknown territory on the globe. We know more of Central Africa, perhaps even of Central South America, than of the vast central plateau of Asia, called the Pamirs, and of the great mountain systems radiating thence, the Hindu-Kush, Kwen-Lun, Kara-Korum, and Himalayas. In these stupendous solitudes, in the immense weird wastes of this "Roof of the World," amidst awful scenery, more lunar than terrestrial, Dr. Hedin, alone save for a few native guides, journeyed for months and years, observing, measuring, and mapping, with unfaltering scientific enthusiasm.

The most salient episode in these volumes is undoubtedly Dr. Hedin's account of his well-nigh disastrous trip across a portion of the Gobi Desert. Lost in the desert, he records in his diary, April 30, 1895:

"Rested on a high dune, where the camels gave up. We scanned the eastern horizon with a field-glass—nothing but mountains of sand in every direction; not a blade of vegetation, not a sign of life. Nothing heard of Yolohi, either in the evening or during the night. My men maintained he had gone back to the stores we had left behind, intending to keep himself alive on the tinned provisions, while he fetched help to carry off the rest. Islam believed he was dead. There were still a few drops of water left from the morning, about a tumblerful in all. Half of this was used in moistening the men's lips. The little that remained was to be divided equally between us all in the evening. But when evening came we discovered that Kasim and Mohammed Shah, who led the caravan, had stolen every drop! We were all terribly weak, men as well as camels. God help us all!"

The days immediately succeeding were terrible days, most of his men and animals per-

ishing with thirst. At length, on May 5, his faithful companion Kasim failed him, and he crawled and hobbled painfully through a forest to the *dry* bed of the Khotan-daria River. However, after searching he found a pool in a thicket.

"It would be in vain for me to try to describe the feelings which now overpowered me. They may be imagined; they cannot be described. Before drinking I counted my pulse: it was forty-nine. Then I took the tin box out of my pocket, filled it, and drank. How sweet that water tasted! Nobody can conceive it who has not been within an ace of dying of thirst. I lifted the tin to my lips, calmly, slowly, deliberately, and drank, drank, drank, time after time. How delicious! What exquisite pleasure! The noblest wine ever pressed out of the grape, the divinest nectar ever made, was never half so sweet. My hopes had not deceived me. The star of my fortunes shone brightly as ever it did. I do not think that I at all exaggerate if I say that during the first ten minutes I drank between five and six pints. The tin box held not quite an ordinary tumblerful, and I emptied it quite a score of times. At that moment it never entered my head that, after such a long fast, it might be dangerous to drink in such a quantity. But I experienced not the slightest ill effects from it. On the contrary, I felt that cold, clear, delicious water infused new energy into me. Every blood-vessel and tissue of my body sucked up the life-giving liquid like a sponge. My pulse, which had been so feeble, now beat strong again. At the end of a few minutes it was already fifty-six. My blood, which had lately been so sluggish and so slow that it was scarce able to creep through the capillaries, now coursed easily through every blood-vessel. My hands, which had been dry, parched, and hard as wood, swelled out again. My skin, which had been like parchment, turned moist and elastic. And soon afterwards an active perspiration broke out upon my brow. In a word, I felt my whole body was imbibing fresh life and fresh strength. It was a solemn and awe-inspiring moment."

Dr. Hedin then filled his water-proof boots with the water, and went back for Kasim, but did not find him till the following morning.

"When I came to Kasim, he was lying in the same position in which I left him. He glared at me with the wild, startled eyes of a faun; but upon recognizing me, made an effort, and crept a yard or two nearer, gasping out, 'I am dying.' 'Would you like some water?' I asked, quite calmly. He merely shook his head, and collapsed again. He had no conception of what was in the boots. I placed one of the boots near him, and shook it so that he might hear the splashing of the water. He started, uttered an inarticulate cry; and when I put the boot to his lips, he emptied it at one draught without once stopping; and the next moment he emptied the second."

Having revived Kasim and started him toward the pool, Dr. Hedin set out to find assistance, and proceeded along the river bed for more than two days, subsisting on grass, reeds, and frogs, and drinking from occasional pools, till he fell in with some shepherds, and at length

* *THROUGH ASIA*. By Sven Hedin. In two volumes, illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.

recovered Kasim and a second companion Islam Bai, and one camel with its load.

Another salient episode is the account of the discovery of buried cities in the Gobi desert. Of these cities other travellers have reported rumors, but Dr. Hedin is, we believe, the first traveller to find and explore them. He found a portion of the desert which contained dead forests, dead rivers, their beds filled with sand, and dead and buried cities. A flourishing region had been engulfed by the ever-shifting sands. Of the first city he says:

"This city of Takla-makan, for that is the name my guides gave to it—we will retain the name, for it is instinct with a wealth of mysterious secrets, of puzzling problems, which it is reserved for future inquiry to solve—this city, of whose existence no European had hitherto any inkling, was one of the most unexpected discoveries that I made throughout the whole of my travel in Asia. Who could have imagined that in the interior of the dread Desert of Gobi, and precisely in that part of it which in dreariness and desolation exceeds all other deserts on the face of the earth, actual cities slumbered under the sand, cities wind-driven for thousands of years, the ruined survivals of a once flourishing civilization? And yet there stood I amid the wreck and devastation of an ancient people, within whose dwellings none had entered save the sandstorm in its days of maddest revelry; there stood I like the Prince in the enchanted wood, having awakened to new life the city which had slumbered for a thousand years, or at any rate rescued the memory of its existence from oblivion."

He gives reasons, from the remains found, for thinking that this city dates back perhaps 1500 years and was the work of Buddhistic Aryans. Further on in the desert another city was found. The party continued on the way to the north across the desert, and fell in with numbers of wild camels, which, however, Dr. Hedin thinks are descended from tame animals. He crossed the desert successfully, reaching the Tarim River, and explored in the region of the Lop-nor Lakes. In one marshy place he notes that the reeds were

"As tightly packed together as the palings in a wooden palisade. In some places they were indeed so densely matted together, and so strong, that we actually walked along the top of the tangled mat they made, without for a single instant being reminded that there was ten feet of water immediately under our feet."

Shortly after this expedition he made his final trip, going through unexplored Northern Tibet and Tsaidam to China. In this high barren plateau region he travelled for two months without seeing men, and even animals were rather rare. He describes quite fully the wild asses and wild yaks. The latter he pictures as the "Royal monarch of the desolate wilds of Tibet—an animal which excites our admiration not only in virtue

of its imposing appearance, but also because it alone of living creatures is able to defy the loftiest altitudes, the bitterest cold, the most violent snow-storms and hail-storms which occur in any part of the earth. To all these things the wild yak is indifferent. He seems rather to enjoy it when the hail pelts down upon his back; and when the snows envelope him in their blinding whirl he goes on quietly grazing as though nothing were the matter. The only extremity of climate which seems to disturb his equanimity is the summer sunshine. When it gets too warm for him he takes a bath in the nearest stream, climbs up the mountains to the cool expanses of the snow-fields and the curving hollows of the glaciers, where he finds an especial pleasure in rolling himself, and lying down to rest in the powdery snows of the *névés*."

In this Dr. Hedin rather forgets the musk-ox, which has similar habits.

We could wish that Dr. Hedin had given a fuller account of the natives of the various countries he visited; but his notices of them are mainly incidental. He throws, however, some light on the Kirghiz of the Pamirs, and on the shepherds, hunters, and fishermen of the Tarim Basin, and we have some interesting and even amusing accounts of the Chinese in Turkestan. He thus describes a Chinese dinner at Kashgar:

"I recollect something about an ancient Greek deity who swallowed his own offspring. I have read in Persian legend about the giant Zohak, who devoured two men's brains every day at a meal! I have heard rumors of certain African savages who invite missionaries to dinner and give their guests the place of honor inside the pot. I have been set agape by stories of monstrous big eaters, who at a single meal could dispose of broken ale-bottles, open pen-knives, and old boots. But where are all these things as compared with a Chinese dinner of state, with its six-and-forty courses, embracing the most extraordinary products of the animal and vegetable worlds it is possible to imagine? For one thing, to mention no more, you need to be blessed with an extraordinarily fine appetite—or else be a Chinaman—to appreciate smoked ham dripping with molasses. . . . On one of the walls there were painted two or three black flourishes. I enquired what they signified, and was told that they meant, 'Drink and tell racy stories.' There was no need for any such admonition, for the spirit which reigned over the company was so hilarious, and we transgressed so wantonly against the strict rules of Chinese etiquette, that the Dao Tai and his compatriots must surely have blushed for us a score of times had not their skins been from infancy as yellow as sun-dried haddocks."

As to the accessories and manufacture of these volumes, we have a word of criticism. The many illustrations from photographs and sketches are fairly good, and the maps are excellent. The map of the route is divided into two parts, one being appended to each volume; but it would have served the reader much better to have had one large map of the whole in a

pocket. The volumes are bulky and heavy, and the paper so highly glazed as to be unpleasant and even painful to the eye. We wish our American publishers could take lessons from the English in these regards,—say from Bentley, whose books are both easy to the hand and a delight to the eye.

As to the matter, the main defect of this work of 1200 pages is, strange to say, its undue brevity. The author evidently has abundance of material for a half-dozen such books, and, in the effort to cover the ground in one, the work suffers greatly from compression. A sketchy summary takes us along too fast. We do not want to ride at sixty miles an hour through charming scenery. Besides, in his endeavor to address both scientists and the general public, Dr. Hedin fails to satisfy either fully. If he could have devoted one volume to his journeys in the Gobi Desert, written up on the same detailed scale as that used to describe his narrow escape from death on his first journey, and if he had given a second volume to a scientific summary of all his travels, it might have been an improvement. However, Dr. Hedin has certainly shown that he is one of the most remarkable explorers of this century, and this book is much the most important work on Central Asia that has appeared of recent years, and so deserves the attention of the specialist and the general reader alike.

HIRAM M. STANLEY.

MR. LESLIE STEPHEN'S STUDIES OF A BIOGRAPHER.*

Mr. Leslie Stephen always amply repays us for time spent in his perusal, and this is eminently true of his latest work, a collection, in two handsome volumes, of recent essays and occasional addresses which have in most cases already appeared in different periodicals. The contents embrace a range of subjects as wide apart as the causes of Scott's financial ruin and the history of the English newspaper, and a space of time bounded by Pascal and Tennyson.

The introductory essay, entitled "National Biography," suggests Mr. Stephen's editorship of "The Dictionary of National Biography," which contains the fruits of so many years of his literary activity. The author starts out by quoting a contemptuous remark of Cowper on

the "Biographia Britannica," the forerunner of the "Dictionary," that it was

"A fond attempt to give a deathless lot
To names ignoble, born to be forgot."

With reference to his own labors in increasing the length of this long procession of the hopelessly insignificant, Mr. Stephen first looks at the matter from the point of view of a certain Simon Browne, a Non-conformist divine of the last century, who had received a terrible shock of such a nature that his mind became affected. "He fancied that his 'spiritual substance' had been annihilated; he was a mere empty shell, a body without a soul." Under these distressing circumstances he turned to an employment which did not require a soul: he became a dictionary-maker! The author then proceeds to justify his own dictionary-making in a delightful essay, which might very well be the preface to the "Dictionary of National Biography." The sound sense is spiced with biographical lore, which no soulless dictionary-maker of the Browne variety could ever have amassed.

The study entitled "John Byrom" is a practical illustration of Mr. Stephen's belief in a justification of rescuing pastworthies from oblivion. Every reader will thank him heartily for reviving the memory of a man who, to his long-forgotten merits, has added the new one of calling forth a most enjoyable essay from one of the best of living prose writers. The reader also learns, if he did not already know (as probably he did not), who was the author of "tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee."

"Johnsoniana" is primarily a review of the "Johnsonian Miscellanies," the concluding volume of Dr. Birkbeck Hill's great work on the life of Dr. Johnson; secondarily, although first in point of interest, it is a *résumé* of Johnsonian anecdotes not to be found in Boswell's Life. Mr. Stephen has brought together most interesting extracts from Miss Reynolds, who emphasizes the "asperous" side of her brother's friend, from Mrs. Piozzi, Madame D'Arblay, and other lesser lights of the Johnsonian circle. In a few keen sentences the author analyzes the genius which made a vain little toady the most celebrated of modern biographers. The essay is a valuable supplement to the author's own "Life of Johnson."

Two of the articles are valuable as sources of information. "The Evolution of Editors" traces the history of the English newspaper from its feeble beginnings in Grab Street, when the editor was both publisher and contributor, to its present position of power. "The Impor-

* STUDIES OF A BIOGRAPHER. By Leslie Stephen. In two volumes. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

tation of German" is a brief account of the introduction of the German language and literature into England. It suggests a similar history of the importation of German into America.

The study of Matthew Arnold, originally delivered as an address before an academic body, is full of interest as coming from a man of an entirely different intellectual type. Mr. Stephen insists, with frequent repetition, that he is himself a good Philistine, that he certainly would have been pronounced such by Arnold. This is, of course, a pardonable bit of self-banter that we do not take seriously; but the lack of intellectual sympathy is unmistakable. As the author himself puts it, it is the fundamental difference between the poetic and the prosaic, or, as we would say, scientific mind. While expressing the highest esteem for Arnold, whom he knew personally, Mr. Stephen cannot help regarding him as the "over-fastidious don," and must have his little fling at "intellectual coxcombry and dandyism." His contempt for that great "movement" which was so potent a factor in Arnold's development, he does not conceal. Nevertheless, he renders full justice to Arnold's powers as poet and critic, and freely acknowledges his services as the prophet of culture. Mr. Stephen's criticism of Arnold's criticism is keen and searching. Arnold's strength as a critic was also his weakness. He was "too much inclined to trust to his intuitions, as if they were equivalent to scientific and measurable statements." Instead of scientific analysis, we are told, Arnold's process was to fix a certain aspect of things by an appropriate phrase, thus substituting one set of prejudices for another. These "appropriate phrases" are repeated to weariness, "with a certain air of laying down a genuine scientific distinction as clear-cut and unequivocal as a chemist's analysis." Arnold's merits as a critic are thus summed up:

"His criticism is anything but final, but it is to be taken into account by every man who believes in the importance of really civilising the coming world. How the huge all-devouring monster which we call Democracy is to be dealt with, how he is to be coaxed or lectured or preached into taking as large a dose as possible of culture, is really one of the most pressing of problems. Some look on with despair, doubting only by whatever particular process we shall be crushed into a dead level of monotonous mediocrity. I do not suppose that Arnold or anyone else could give any solution of the great problems; what he could do, and did, I think more effectually than anyone, was to wake us out of our dull complacency — to help to break through the solid crust, whatever seeds may be sown by other hands."

Mr. Stephen has naturally little or no sym-

pathy with Arnold's criticism of religion. As a member of the "prosaic class of mankind," he does not think that Arnold has solved the great problem by relegating religion to the sphere of poetry. The prosaic mind (and the majority of mankind are prosaic) requires plain statements of facts as well as poetic statements of moral ideals. Arnold's mode of treating great problems is too "airy and bewildering" for Mr. Stephen's acceptance; the poet has got the upper hand of the critic. Whether the reader will agree with this estimate of the great apostle of culture, will depend a good deal on his having the prosaic or the poetic temperament. But whatever his personal attitude to Arnold, he will feel the sincerity of Mr. Stephen's concluding remark:

"Putting on a mask, sometimes of levity, sometimes of mere literary dandyism, with an irony which sometimes is a little too elaborate, but which often expresses the keenest intelligence trying to pass itself off as simplicity, he was a skirmisher, but a skirmisher who did more than most heavily-armed warriors, against the vast oppressive reign of stupidity and prejudice."

The essay on Tennyson is another brilliant piece of criticism. Mr. Stephen is not an unqualified admirer of the late Laureate, — or, as he himself puts it, "not quite of the inner circle of true worshippers." He cannot call him a *vates*. His own type of mind prevents this, his intellectual dissent from Tennyson being as marked as in the case of Arnold. He does not like Tennyson's philosophy; in his judgment the poet "is always haunted by the fear of depriving your sister of her 'happy views,' and praises a philosopher for keeping his doubts to himself."

"Tennyson, even in the *In Memoriam*, always seems to me to be like a man clinging to a spar left floating after a shipwreck, knowing that it will not support him, and yet never able to make up his mind to strike out and take his chance of sinking. That may be infinitely affecting, but it is not the attitude of the poet who can give a war-cry to his followers, or of the philosopher who really dares to 'face the spectres of the mind.'"

Those who have read Mr. Stephen's essay entitled "An Apology for Plainspeaking" will understand this criticism more fully. In Matthew Arnold's phrase, it is the judgment of incompatibility, and but few would be willing to accept it as a final word on Tennyson. "The judgment of gratitude and sympathy" and that of conscientious incompatibility must supplement and rectify each other. The ardent Tennysonian will resent an estimate of the Laureate which excludes him from the rank of the "great sage poets," but can hardly refuse to accept the explanation of Tennyson's extraordinary popu-

larity as owing to the fact that "he could express what occurred to everybody in language that could be approached by nobody."

Mere mention must suffice for the remaining studies, which are more or less delightful according to the reader's interest in the subject. "Jowett's Life," "Oliver Wendell Holmes," "The Story of Scott's Ruin," "Pascal," "Gibbon's Autobiography," "Arthur Young," and "Wordsworth," in addition to those particularly noted, make up a *menu* of much variety. The admirers of Mr. Stephen will find in these volumes all his excellences — vigorous thinking, plain speaking, and great charm of style.

ELLEN C. HINSDALE.

CHINA IN HISTORY AND IN FACT.*

Now that the ancient empire of the Middle Kingdom seems to be crumbling in decay, a History of China which bears evidence of conscientious study and a judicial habit of mind deserves a cordial welcome. Such appears to be the character of the work which Mr. Boulger reissues after a thorough revision. The narrative is well sustained, the style lucid, and the author has done what he could to relieve from dulness a work constructed upon the lines which the scope of this history required.

The sources of all ancient history lie in the realms of myths and mystery; and we cannot expect Chinese history to be an exception. It is a comfort to learn that we may go back so far before we strike the debatable border-land. The first ruler of China who seems to have secured for his nation a position of influence was one Hwangti, who lived 2637-2577 B. C. It is said of him that he subdued his enemies, built roads for traffic and ships for commerce, revised the calendar, regulated weights, measures, and provinces upon a decimal system, and that to his inspirations and aspirations much of the subsequent glory of China may be attributed. There is also mention of an earlier Emperor, Fohi, whose date was 2950 B. C., and whose authenticity was approved by Confucius.

These dates take us at a bound beyond most of the periods whose history we are accustomed to consider ancient. They reach beyond the founding of Rome, the siege of Troy, the sheikship of Abraham, five hundred years beyond Sargon of Babylon, to the time of Amenemhat

of Egypt, when Thebes was in her glory. From the reign of Hwangti until this day the sceptre has not departed from China. For more than four and a half millenniums, the Middle Kingdom has been governed by a continuous succession of rulers, numbering nearly two hundred and sixty princes belonging to twenty-eight dynasties. Other than Chinamen have sat upon the throne, including Tartars, Mongols, and Manchus; but the ruler of China has always been within China. She was never the vassal of a government seated in a foreign land.

The position of China is, and has always been, geographically unique. She has occupied the broad area of southeastern Asia, a country well watered and fertile, diversified in aspect, climate, soil, and productions, unrivalled in its capacity to support a teeming population. Northwardly this country extended to arctic Siberia, inhabited by nomadic and untutored tribes; east and south lay the oriental seas, which until the fifteenth century were never furrowed by an occidental keel; to the southwest were a few disunited peoples with no cohesion to make them formidable; while along the western borders lay the vast mountain ranges of the Himalayah and the Karakorum, the "roof of the world," which no western horde ever traversed, and none from the east ever passed save when Genghis Khan led his victorious Mongols beyond the remotest borders of the Caspian and the Euxine seas, to the conquest of Russia, Hungary, and Poland.

China was thus enclosed within a large but limited area, and this area she usually dominated. Her quarrels were with the neighbors who dwelt with her within these natural boundaries. Otherwise she had no commerce nor contact with the nations of the world. Children who grow up in isolation lack a certain sturdy discipline gained in conflicts with other children. It is not strange that China should come to estimate at more than its true value her culture, her prowess, and her right of empire. Until the earlier years of the seventeenth century the literati of China had not learned that the round world had another side, where dwelt people both strong and learned. Still less did they imagine that such people would come to challenge their authority or to disturb the internal economy of their empire.

During twenty-seven of her twenty-eight dynasties, China was self-contained. Her political history, which is all that Mr. Boulger attempts to give, is merely an account of the rise and demise of families and princes. Kingti suc-

* THE HISTORY OF CHINA. By Demetrius C. Boulger. In two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Co.

ceeded Wenti and was succeeded by Vouti. Some rulers were good, some bad, some worse. The only parallel is the Book of the Chronicles of the Kings of Israel. No one can realize the utter nakedness of history sitting in the rattling panoply of her bones, so fully as when he follows this procession of two hundred and fifty kings in their weary march through five hundred octavo pages. There is little sign of flesh and blood, of the humanity that lived and loved or hated and suffered in those ancient days.

A new element entered into the life of China when the western nations, in their quest of discovery, trade, and colonies, began to push their ships into Chinese ports. For two centuries these nations came in peaceful ways upon missions of peace. They asked the privilege of trade, to buy the commodities which China had in abundance to sell; to sell such merchandise as Chinamen might wish to buy. Especially did they wish that their representatives might be received by the Emperor, and might treat on equal and honorable terms with functionaries of suitable rank whom he might deign to appoint. From the first the western nations determined to allow their representatives to submit to no ceremony degrading in form or meant to typify homage or vassalage towards a superior. For a long time the Chinese authorities evidenced a purpose not to permit any approach to the emperor under other conditions.

There was also a rooted aversion to trade. The Chinese feared and believed that the balance of trade would be against them; that her people would buy more than they could sell, the balance to be paid by the withdrawal of coin, which they were convinced would result in bankruptcy. They had not learned that trade begets trade.

From time to time these conflicts of ideas developed into conflicts of arms, in which the Chinese were unable to contend successfully. The first passage at arms was with England in 1840. Unfortunately, the admission of opium was one of the points at issue. As to this, Mr. Boulger contends, and with apparent reason, that the opium question was raised by the Chinese only as a pretext. In the discussions which preceded the appeal to arms, English merchants gave up opium to the amount of \$10,000,000 for confiscation; but the lives of eighteen Englishmen, to be yielded without trial or process of law, they would not concede. After a critical study of the facts, our own ex-President John Quincy Adams asserted that the real issue of this so-called opium war was not opium but

the Kotow, and that the English were in the right.

The English were victorious, and a treaty of amity was negotiated at Nankin, only to be evaded, and its ratification avoided, until, in a later resort to arms, the English forced the defenses at Peking and dictated terms of surrender. Conflicts with other nations have resulted in like misfortune to the Chinese.

An interesting chapter describes the rise and progress of the Taiping Rebellion, and its desultory character, too weak to succeed, yet fighting a government too weak to overcome it. An American named Ward collected and drilled a force of 5000 Chinese, to which he gave, by way of bravado, the name of the Ever Victorious Army, a name which it presently earned the right to wear. Ward was killed in action. His successor, an adventurer named Burgevine, after hiring himself in turn to both rebels and the imperial power, was repudiated by both. Then began the remarkable career of one Captain Charles Gordon, afterwards known as "Chinese" Gordon. He gathered, drilled, disciplined, and fought an army of Chinese with phenomenal success, and destroyed the rebellion. His sad fortune when, in Africa, he was abandoned to the fury of the Mahdists, is too well remembered.

The story of the war with Japan, sharp, short, and decisive, is told with a true appreciation of this highly dramatic event. The lessons taught by this war only repeat those which should have been learned before. Under stress of suffering, China spent her treasure for weapons of the best manufacture, ships of the most approved design, and fortresses which by nature and art should have been impregnable. The only use she has been able to make of her forts, her ships, and her guns, is to hand them over to her victorious foes. Her soldiers can fight under proper officers, and they can die; but they did not avail against the Japanese. Her officers and diplomats appear to be equally deficient. Defeats teach them no principles of public policy. The logic of artillery is effective only within the range of the piece.

The distressing feature of the Chinese situation exists in the conditions of its intellectual life. For centuries this has suffered from a sort of creeping paralysis. It is permeated by an intellectual dry-rot, which has consumed all personal, social, and political vitality. The exterior may have been fair to see, but when the armor of exclusiveness is pierced the whole structure crumbles. The cause of the disease

must be coëxtensive with the disease. It will be found in the combined systems of civil service and of education. Much has been heard in praise of both. Every public officer must win his appointment by merit, and that merit is judged by the accuracy of his education. Without considering the utilities which might grow out of such conditions, we observe that they fail to follow here because the education required is that of the Chinese type, an education which does not educate. It is an education that is purely formal and without vitality. It has no stimulus, no power of development, no illumination. Its vision is ever backward, never forward. Only the thing that hath been is that which shall be. The wise maxims of Confucius and of Mencius appear to have little influence upon life and action. The scientific phase is conspicuously absent. The stimulus of the science of the nineteenth century has not been felt in China.

In marked contrast has been the action of the Japanese. After an earnest resistance, suddenly the Japanese saw a great light, and began to glean from the science and the discipline of the Occident whatever could be adapted in the Orient. The whole nation rejoices in the consequent revival. But the Chinese persistently debar not merely Western merchandise but also Western science and Western culture as well.

The impending fall of the Manchu dynasty need cause no regrets. It had no natural rights in China, and it has been an insurmountable barrier to national development. The world must wish that a better fate might befall an empire so ancient and venerable. The situation is thus stated by Mr. Boulger:

"If the Chinese realized their position there would be ground for hope; but so far as can be judged, there is not a public man in China who perceives that the state is on the verge of dissolution, and that nothing short of the most strenuous exertion will avail to save not the dynasty but the country from death."

SELIM H. PEABODY.

THE "Tale of Beowulf sometime King of the Folk of the Wedergeats," as translated by Messrs. William Morris and A. J. Wyatt, has hitherto been obtainable only as a publication of the Kelmsoft Press, whence it issued in 1895. An edition for the general purchaser, as distinguished from the bibliophile, is now offered by Messrs. Longmans, Green, & Co. An index of persons and places is provided, as also a glossary of the archaic words used by the translators. There are only seventy or eighty of the latter, and many of these are familiar to the reader of average intelligence. The publication of this edition is a great boon to teachers and students of English poetry.

RECENT POETRY.*

A few reminiscences of a sojourn "In Palestine" gives the title to a new volume of verse now put forth by Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, after a silence of nearly five years. The volume contains, besides versified memories of Egypt, Greece, and Provence, songs of the finer heroism, and many of those personal and occasional pieces in the writing of which Mr. Gilder is an adept. The following irregular sonnet may be taken as an example of the best of the work here offered us.

"Love's look finds loveliness in all the world:
Ah, who shall say—This, this is loveliest!
Forgetting that pure beauty is imperaled
A thousand perfect ways, and none is best.
Sometimes I deem that dawn upon the ocean
Thrills deeper than all else; but, sudden, there,
With serpent gleam and hue, and fixed motion,
Niagara curves its scimitar in air.
So when I dream of sunset, oft I gaze
Again from Bellosguardo's misty height,
Or memory ends once more one day of days—
Carrara's mountains purpling into night.
There is no loveliest, dear Love, but thee—
Through whom all loveliness I breathe and see."

* IN PALESTINE, and Other Poems. By Richard Watson Gilder. New York: The Century Co.

IDYLIC MONOLOGUES. Poems by Madison Cawein. Louisville: John P. Morton & Co.

THE SONG OF THE WAVE, and Other Poems. By George Cabot Lodge. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE GOLDEN PERSON IN THE HEART. By Claude Fayette Bragdon. Gouverneur, N. Y.: Brothers of the Book.

THE FLYING SANDS. By Wallace Rice. Chicago: R. R. Donnelly & Sons Co.

A CHRISTMAS GARLAND, with a Few Flowers for the New Year. By Clinton Scollard. Privately Printed.

FROM SUNSET RIDGE. Poems Old and New. By Julia Ward Howe. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

WHEN THE BIRDS GO NORTH AGAIN. By Ella Higginson. New York: The Macmillan Co.

IMPRESSIONS. A Book of Verse. By Lilla Cabot Perry. Boston: Copeland & Day.

ENGLAND AND YESTERDAY. A Book of Short Poems. By Louise Imogen Guiney. London: Grant Richards.

BEN KING'S VERSE. Edited by Nixon Waterman. Introduction by John McGovern. Biography by Opie Read. Chicago: Forbes & Co.

THE POEMS OF FRANCIS BROOKS. Edited, with a Prefatory Memoir, by Wallace Rice. Chicago: R. R. Donnelly & Sons Co.

A CENTURY OF INDIAN EPIGRAMS. Chiefly from the Sanskrit of Bhartrihari. By Paul Elmer More. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

SONGS FROM THE GHETTO. By Morris Rosenfeld. With Prose Translation, Glossary, and Introduction by Leo Wiener. Boston: Copeland & Day.

PHIL-O-RUM'S CANOE AND MADELEINE VERCHERES. Two Poems by William Henry Drummond. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

LABOR AND THE ANGEL. By Duncan Campbell Scott. Boston: Copeland & Day.

ODES IN CONTRIBUTION TO THE SONG OF FRENCH HISTORY. By George Meredith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

PICTURES OF TRAVEL, and Other Poems. By Mackenzie Bell. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

SONGS OF ACTION. By A. Conan Doyle. New York: Doubleday & McClure Co.

PERSEPHONE, and Other Poems. By Charles Camp Tarelli. New York: The Macmillan Co.

The following passage, from "A Winter Twilight in Provence"—a poem inspired by thought of the wars that once ravaged that fair land—was written two years ago, and is not without an ironic application to the events of the past few months.

"Dear country mine! far in that viewless west,
And ocean-warded, strife thou too hast known;
But may thy sun hereafter bloodless shine,
And may thy way be onward without wrath,
And upward on no carcass of the slain;
And if thou smitest, let it be for peace
And justice—not in hate, or pride, or lust
Of empire. Mayst thou ever be, O land,
Noble and pure as thou art free and strong!
So shalt thou lift a light for all the world
And for all time, and bring the Age of Peace."

Two years ago these ideals seemed to earnest Americans not impossible of realization; to-day, they are clearly considered by great numbers of our fellow-citizens as the merest counsels of perfection, not to be taken into serious account by the practical statesman. Will not Mr. Gilder write for us a new "Ichabod," inscribed this time, not to an individual, but to a nation, in danger of proving recreant?

Mr. Madison Cawein has put forth numerous volumes of verse, and the last of them is like the first and all the others in the general impression left by their perusal. That impression is of marked poetical powers carelessly employed. The author has sensibility, and even passion; he has also considerable facility in the use of poetic diction; but he has none of the restraint that should go with these qualities, and it is obvious that much of his verse is hastily flung from him with little care for its fate. In his new volume of "Idyllic Monologues," for example, there is no justification for so rough a line as this from "The Moated Manse,"

"The year-old scars, made by the Royalists' balls,"

or for the violence of language that characterizes the greater part of this poem. Half a dozen or more of these versified narratives fill all but a few pages of the volume. In these few latter pages the author gets greatly excited about the destruction of the "Maine" and the atrocities of Spanish rule, showing that his verse can be as hot-tempered when it deals with actual history as when it is concerned with vain romantic imaginings. For an extract—since there should be one—we will take a stanza in which Mr. Cawein is at his best, because at his simplest.

"Here where the season turns the land to gold,
Among the fields our feet have known of old,—
When we were children who could laugh and run,
Glad little playmates of the wind and sun,—
Before came toil and care and years went ill,
And one forgot and one remembered still,
Heart of my heart, among the old fields here,
Give me your hands and let me draw you near,
Heart of my heart."

Early in the examination of Mr. George Cabot Lodge's volume of verse, on two pages that face each other, we find this stanza, the ocean speaking:

"I have lavished my largess of comfort,
Taken earth in mine arms like a child,
Taught the children of life of its splendour,
Brought their eyes to the light unbeguiled."

And this, of the wave:

"This is the song of the wave! the mighty one!
Child of the soul of silence, beating the air to sound:
White as a live terror, as a drawn sword,
This is the wave."

Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Henley, we say at once, and these names are suggested many times over in what follows. A little later, we come upon an "After-Word" in this strain:

"What of life-songs then, and what of death-songs?
Sound and fury down the babbling ages,
They shall cease, the echoes pass and perish;
On the void the 'stablishment eternal
Bides alone—the Soul's gigantic silence,"

and we know that Mr. Lodge has taken his Browning to heart. These things, and work so frankly imitative as "The Gates of Life," which is a variation upon Mr. Swinburne's "Hesperia," are not set down to Mr. Lodge's discredit. He is clearly a young writer—such gloom and world-weariness, such echoes of Leconte de l'Isle and Leopardi, are the certain evidence of that, and he is without the saving sense of humor, as one may see from the appeal to his own soul to "be stern and adequate," which somehow reminds us of the

"Terrible, indigné, calme, extraordinaire"

of Victor Hugo, who thus describes the attitude which he will assume when face to face with God. But Mr. Lodge has studied good models of the sort of poetry young men most affect, and most poets find themselves by first sitting at the feet of their masters. In spite of all that we have said, Mr. Lodge's work seems to us to be full of promise; its utterance is large, and its rhythmic power is undeniable. He is most clearly himself in such a poem as "Fall," from which we extract, with genuine pleasure, these closing lines, inspired by an autumn dawn:

"This moment stolen from the centuries,
This foretaste of the soul's oblivion
We hold and cherish, and because of this
Are life and death made perfect, and thy woes
Turn lyric through the glory we have won.
The morning flower that drew its petals close
And slept the cold night through is now unfurled
To catch the breathless moment; big and sane
Our autumn day forsakes the gates of rose,
And like a lion shakes its golden mane
And leaps upon the world."

Mr. Claude Fayette Bragdon's book is easily reviewed. There are about forty pages of it, averaging seven lines to a page. "The Golden Person in the Heart," the titular poem, is a versified statement of the essentials of Brahmanism. This is the sort of thing:

"A man, to cleanse this inward mirror, should
Before all else, learn and obey the law,
And next acquire a blameless livelihood:
Steadfast in duty and in doing good,
His mind from things of sense let him withdraw."

A captious person might think that the author of this poem had complied with the counsel of the last line, but Emerson's "Brahma" met with the same criticism. Our objection is that it is not poetry.

must be coëxtensive with the disease. It will be found in the combined systems of civil service and of education. Much has been heard in praise of both. Every public officer must win his appointment by merit, and that merit is judged by the accuracy of his education. Without considering the utilities which might grow out of such conditions, we observe that they fail to follow here because the education required is that of the Chinese type, an education which does not educate. It is an education that is purely formal and without vitality. It has no stimulus, no power of development, no illumination. Its vision is ever backward, never forward. Only the thing that hath been is that which shall be. The wise maxims of Confucius and of Mencius appear to have little influence upon life and action. The scientific phase is conspicuously absent. The stimulus of the science of the nineteenth century has not been felt in China.

In marked contrast has been the action of the Japanese. After an earnest resistance, suddenly the Japanese saw a great light, and began to glean from the science and the discipline of the Occident whatever could be adapted in the Orient. The whole nation rejoices in the consequent revival. But the Chinese persistently debar not merely Western merchandise but also Western science and Western culture as well.

The impending fall of the Manchu dynasty need cause no regrets. It had no natural rights in China, and it has been an insurmountable barrier to national development. The world must wish that a better fate might befall an empire so ancient and venerable. The situation is thus stated by Mr. Boulger:

"If the Chinese realized their position there would be ground for hope; but so far as can be judged, there is not a public man in China who perceives that the state is on the verge of dissolution, and that nothing short of the most strenuous exertion will avail to save not the dynasty but the country from death."

SELIM H. PEABODY.

THE "Tale of Beowulf sometime King of the Folk of the Wedergents," as translated by Messrs. William Morris and A. J. Wyatt, has hitherto been obtainable only as a publication of the Kelmascott Press, whence it issued in 1895. An edition for the general purchaser, as distinguished from the bibliophile, is now offered by Messrs. Longmans, Green, & Co. An index of persons and places is provided, as also a glossary of the archaic words used by the translators. There are only seventy or eighty of the latter, and many of these are familiar to the reader of average intelligence. The publication of this edition is a great boon to teachers and students of English poetry.

RECENT POETRY.*

A few reminiscences of a sojourn "In Palestine" gives the title to a new volume of verse now put forth by Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, after a silence of nearly five years. The volume contains, besides versified memories of Egypt, Greece, and Provence, songs of the finer heroism, and many of those personal and occasional pieces in the writing of which Mr. Gilder is an adept. The following irregular sonnet may be taken as an example of the best of the work here offered us.

"Love's look finds loveliness in all the world:
Ah, who shall say—This, this is loveliest!
Forgetting that pure beauty is imperaled
A thousand perfect ways, and none is best.
Sometimes I deem that dawn upon the ocean
Thrills deeper than all else; but, sudden, there,
With serpent gleam and hue, and fixed motion,
Niagara curves its scimitar in air.
So when I dream of sunset, oft I gaze
Again from Bellosguardo's misty height,
Or memory ends once more one day of days—
Carrara's mountains purpling into night.
There is no loveliest, dear Love, but thee—
Through whom all loveliness I breathe and see."

* IN PALESTINE, and Other Poems. By Richard Watson Gilder. New York: The Century Co.

IDYLIC MONOLOGUES. Poems by Madison Cawein. Louisville: John P. Morton & Co.

THE SONG OF THE WAVE, and Other Poems. By George Cabot Lodge. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE GOLDEN PERSON IN THE HEART. By Claude Fayette Bragdon. Gouverneur, N. Y.: Brothers of the Book.

THE FLYING SANDS. By Wallace Rice. Chicago: R. R. Donnelly & Sons Co.

A CHRISTMAS GARLAND, with a Few Flowers for the New Year. By Clinton Scollard. Privately Printed.

FROM SUNSET RIDGE. Poems Old and New. By Julia Ward Howe. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

WHEN THE BIRDS GO NORTH AGAIN. By Ella Higginson. New York: The Macmillan Co.

IMPRESSIONS. A Book of Verse. By Lilla Cabot Perry. Boston: Copeland & Day.

ENGLAND AND YESTERDAY. A Book of Short Poems. By Louise Imogen Guiney. London: Grant Richards.

BEN KING'S VERSE. Edited by Nixon Waterman. Introduction by John McGovern. Biography by Opie Read. Chicago: Forbes & Co.

THE POEMS OF FRANCIS BROOKS. Edited, with a Prefatory Memoir, by Wallace Rice. Chicago: R. R. Donnelly & Sons Co.

A CENTURY OF INDIAN EPIGRAMS. Chiefly from the Sanskrit of Bhartrihari. By Paul Elmer More. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

SONGS FROM THE GHETTO. By Morris Rosenfeld. With Prose Translation, Glossary, and Introduction by Leo Wiener. Boston: Copeland & Day.

PHIL-O-BUM'S CANOE AND MADELEINE VERCHERES. Two Poems by William Henry Drummond. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

LABOR AND THE ANGEL. By Duncan Campbell Scott. Boston: Copeland & Day.

ODES IN CONTRIBUTION TO THE SONG OF FRENCH HISTORY. By George Meredith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

PICTURES OF TRAVEL, and Other Poems. By Mackenzie Bell. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

SONGS OF ACTION. By A. Conan Doyle. New York: Doubleday & McClure Co.

PERSEPHONE, and Other Poems. By Charles Camp Tarelli. New York: The Macmillan Co.

The following passage, from "A Winter Twilight in Provence"—a poem inspired by thought of the wars that once ravaged that fair land—was written two years ago, and is not without an ironic application to the events of the past few months.

"Dear country mine! far in that viewless west,
And ocean-warded, strife thou too hast known;
But may thy sun hereafter bloodless shine,
And may thy way be onward without wrath,
And upward on no carcass of the slain;
And if thou smitest, let it be for peace
And justice—not in hate, or pride, or lust
Of empire. Mayst thou ever be, O land,
Noble and pure as thou art free and strong!
So shalt thou lift a light for all the world
And for all time, and bring the Age of Peace."

Two years ago these ideals seemed to earnest Americans not impossible of realization; to-day, they are clearly considered by great numbers of our fellow-citizens as the merest counsels of perfection, not to be taken into serious account by the practical statesman. Will not Mr. Gilder write for us a new "Ichabod," inscribed this time, not to an individual, but to a nation, in danger of proving recreant?

Mr. Madison Cawein has put forth numerous volumes of verse, and the last of them is like the first and all the others in the general impression left by their perusal. That impression is of marked poetical powers carelessly employed. The author has sensibility, and even passion; he has also considerable facility in the use of poetic diction; but he has none of the restraint that should go with these qualities, and it is obvious that much of his verse is hastily flung from him with little care for its fate. In his new volume of "Idyllic Monologues," for example, there is no justification for so rough a line as this from "The Moated Manse,"

"The year-old scars, made by the Royalists' balls,"

or for the violence of language that characterizes the greater part of this poem. Half a dozen or more of these versified narratives fill all but a few pages of the volume. In these few latter pages the author gets greatly excited about the destruction of the "Maine" and the atrocities of Spanish rule, showing that his verse can be as hot-tempered when it deals with actual history as when it is concerned with vain romantic imaginings. For an extract—since there should be one—we will take a stanza in which Mr. Cawein is at his best, because at his simplest.

"Here where the season turns the land to gold,
Among the fields our feet have known of old,—
When we were children who could laugh and run,
Glad little playmates of the wind and sun,—
Before came toil and care and years went ill,
And one forgot and one remembered still,
Heart of my heart, among the old fields here,
Give me your hands and let me draw you near,
Heart of my heart."

Early in the examination of Mr. George Cabot Lodge's volume of verse, on two pages that face each other, we find this stanza, the ocean speaking:

"I have lavished my largess of comfort,
Taken earth in mine arms like a child,
Taught the children of life of its splendour,
Brought their eyes to the light unbeguiled."

And this, of the wave:

"This is the song of the wave! the mighty one!
Child of the soul of silence, beating the air to sound:
White as a live terror, as a drawn sword,
This is the wave."

Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Henley, we say at once, and these names are suggested many times over in what follows. A little later, we come upon an "After-Word" in this strain:

"What of life-songs then, and what of death-songs?
Sound and fury down the babbling ages,
They shall cease, the echoes pass and perish;
On the void the 'establishment eternal'
Bides alone—the Soul's gigantic silence,"

and we know that Mr. Lodge has taken his Brownie to heart. These things, and work so frankly imitative as "The Gates of Life," which is a variation upon Mr. Swinburne's "Hesperia," are not set down to Mr. Lodge's discredit. He is clearly a young writer—such gloom and world-weariness, such echoes of Leconte de l'Isle and Leopardi, are the certain evidence of that, and he is without the saving sense of humor, as one may see from the appeal to his own soul to "be stern and adequate," which somehow reminds us of the

"Terrible, indigné, calme, extraordinaire"

of Victor Hugo, who thus describes the attitude which he will assume when face to face with God. But Mr. Lodge has studied good models of the sort of poetry young men most affect, and most poets find themselves by first sitting at the feet of their masters. In spite of all that we have said, Mr. Lodge's work seems to us to be full of promise; its utterance is large, and its rhythmic power is undeniable. He is most clearly himself in such a poem as "Fall," from which we extract, with genuine pleasure, these closing lines, inspired by an autumn dawn:

"This moment stolen from the centuries,
This foretaste of the soul's oblivion
We hold and cherish, and because of this
Are life and death made perfect, and thy woes
Turn lyric through the glory we have won.
The morning flower that drew its petals close
And slept the cold night through is now unfurled
To catch the breathless moment; big and sane
Our autumn day forsakes the gates of rose,
And like a lion shakes its golden mane
And leaps upon the world."

Mr. Claude Fayette Bragdon's book is easily reviewed. There are about forty pages of it, averaging seven lines to a page. "The Golden Person in the Heart," the titular poem, is a versified statement of the essentials of Brahmanism. This is the sort of thing:

"A man, to cleanse this inward mirror, should
Before all else, learn and obey the law,
And next acquire a blameless livelihood:
Steadfast in duty and in doing good,
His mind from things of sense let him withdraw."

A captious person might think that the author of this poem had complied with the counsel of the last line, but Emerson's "Brahma" met with the same criticism. Our objection is that it is not poetry.

The rest of the book consists of such things as "Cities."

"New York, London, Paris, Rome,
Seemed vast and grand while I staid home,
But seeing them, I soon found that
I held them all beneath my hat."

All of which is not very promising.

The sheaf of verses gleaned by Mr. Wallace Rice from the growth of many years of preoccupation with poetical matters contains a number of skilfully-wrought pieces. "Chryseis on the Sands" is particularly charming, and here is the last of its three stanzas:

"Ages ago old Chryseis clasped his daughter,
Happy that she was his and not the King's;—
Smiling through tears beside that Asian water
Lovely Chryseis, home at last, still stands.
Many another bard some maiden sings—
Dearer to me Chryseis on the sands,
Ages ago."

Mr. Rice has been the artificer of many sonnets, but with rare restraint has adjudged only one of them deserving of a place in this little volume. Would that other poets might submit their work to this process of natural selection! The sonnet in question is a fine improvisation upon the greatest of Spinoza's great words.

"No freeman, saith the wise, thinks much on death:
No man with soul he dareth call his own
Liveth in dread lest there be no atone
In time to come for yesterday's warm breath,
No more than he for such end hungereth
As falls to those who speed their souls a-groan;
Death may be King, to sit a tottering throne
And hale men hence—let cowards cringe to Death!
"Who giveth, taketh; and the days go by,
No seed sowed we; let him who did come reap:
Sweet peace is ours—and everlastingly,—
A little sleep, a little slumber: Aye,
This much is known: there is for thee and me
A little folding of the hands to sleep."

Songs and sonnets alternate, with almost unfailing regularity, in Mr. Clinton Scollard's fifty pages of new verse. "Summer by the Sea" is one of the best of the sonnets.

"If thou wouldst win the rhythmic heart of things,
Go sit in solitude beside the shore,
Giving thine ear to the eternal roar
And every mystic message that it brings—
Eddies of ancient, unremembered kings,
And runes that ring with long-forgotten lore.
All myths and mysteries from the years of yore
Ere Time grew weary on his journeyings.

"And more from that imperious sibyl, Sea,
Thou mayest learn if thou wilt hearken well,
When God's white star-fires beacon home the ships:
The solemn secrets of infinity,
Unto the inner sense translatable,
Hang trembling ever on her darkling lips."

This might have for its text the "Time's self it is, made audible," of Rossetti's matchless lyric.

The poems of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe have been collected into a volume which bears the title "From Sunset Ridge."

"Of all my verses, say that one is good"
is her modest plea to the critic, but the author of

the "Battle-Hymn of the Republic" may safely await a larger measure of approval than that. Still, the famous poem just named remains almost the only one in the volume that makes the impression of spontaneity; no doubt it was thought out, like the others; but the difference is that the others show that they have been studied, and the "Battle-Hymn" does not. The poems are mostly personal or occasional, strongly infused with religious sentiment, and pointing some very marked moral. Mrs. Howe is at her best in such verses as these addressed to Pio Nono:

"Where glory should have crowned thee, failure whelms,
Truth judges thee, that should have made thee great;
Thine is the doom of souls that cannot bring
Their highest courage to their highest fate,"

or these upon Dante:

"See, beneath the hood of grief,
Muffled bays engird the brow.
Fame shall yield her topmost bough
Ere that laurel moult a leaf."

At first sight Mrs. Higginson's collection of poems, "When the Birds Go North Again," seems to be the usual sort of thing. There are sonnets, and lyrics, and bits of religious or didactic verse—all upon such themes as every versifier attempts. A closer examination, however, reveals the fact that this writer, while often amateurish in manner and crude in technique, has an unusual gift of passionate imagination, and at her best rises high above the plane whereon most minor poets disport themselves. We take Mrs. Higginson's best to be such work as this:

"God, let me be a mountain when I die,
Stung by the hail, lashed by tormenting rains!
Let lava fires surge, turbulent and high,
With fiercest torture thro' my bursting veins;
Let lightnings flame around my lonely brow,
And mighty storm-clouds race, and break, and roar
About me; let the melted lava plough
Raw furrows in my breast, torment me sore,
O God! Let me hate loneliness, yet see
My very forest felled beneath my eyes.
Give me all Time's distilled agony,—
Yet let me still stand, mute, beneath the skies;
Thro' storms that beat and inward fires that burn,
Tortured, yet silent; suffering, yet pure,—
That torn and tempted hearts may lift and learn
The noble meaning of the word, *endure*."

The ending is feeble enough, but what precedes has no small measure of daring strength. "A Thank-Offering" is another poem from which we must quote three stanzas:

"Lord God, for some of us the days and years
Have bitter been;
For some of us the burden and the tears,
The gnawing sin.

"For some of us, O God, the scanty store,
The failing bin;
For some of us the gray wolf at the door,
The red, within!

"But to the hungry Thou hast given meat,
Hast clothed the cold;
And Thou hast given courage strong and sweet
To the sad and old."

If we had space for further quotation, the two sonnets, "Yet Am I not for Pity," should be given, but

we must be content to say that the volume which contains them will well repay examination, and is a promising addition to American minor poetry.

Mrs. Perry's "Impressions" are lyrical pieces, taking the form of the song, the sonnet, or the rondeau, and embodying in graceful verse many a mood of rapture, tenderness, and spiritual aspiration. We choose for our example the lines which go with "A Flower from Carnae."

"I plucked this bit of yellow gorse for thee
By a huge menhir where on Carnae's shore
The long waves murmur dirges evermore
For men dead ere the birth of history.—
Here once they lived whom Time's immensity
Hath quite o'erwhelmed, and blotted out their page
From the world's book! On them may learned sage
Descant, and poet dream, here by the sea!

"But none may know what were their thoughts, their lives—
None e'er may know! none living or unborn!—
Were these their tombs built where the strong sea strives
In vain to hold the warm elusive sands?
Were these hard by their altars, where forlorn
They stretched to Heaven imploring empty hands?"

The spiritual quality, so marked in this sonnet, is the predominant characteristic of Mrs. Perry's pure and heartfelt song.

A slight volume of sonnets and lyrics by Miss Guiney, entitled "England and Yesterday," proves one of the most acceptable collections of the year; its finished and delicate art may be illustrated by "A Porch in Belgravia."

"When, after dawn, the lordly houses hide
Till you fall foul of it, some piteous guest,
(Some girl the damp stones gather to their breast,
Her gold hair rough, her rebel garment wide,
Who sleeps, with all that luck and life denied
Camped round, and dreams how seaward and southwest
Blue over Devon farms the smoke-rings rest,
And sheep and lambs ascend the lit billsides),
Dear, of your charity, speak low, step soft,
Pray for a sinner. Planet-like and still,
Best hearts of all are sometimes set aloft
Only to see and pass, nor yet deplore
Even Wrong itself, crowned Wrong inscrutable,
Which cannot but have been, forever more."

Suggestions of the history and literature of England provide themes for most of these poems, the one we have quoted being made somewhat exceptional, not so much by its sympathy with suffering as by its note of modernity.

Two neat volumes contain the verses left by two men, residents of Chicago, who died at an early age. Ben King, who died in 1894, and whose literary remains are gathered up and edited by three of his devoted friends, was a journalist whose marked talent found expression in dialect verses of the rustic type, in rollicking negro songs, and in such broadly pointed jests as "That Valentine."

"Once, I remember, years ago,
I sent a tender valentine;
I know it caused a deal of woe.
Once, I remember, years ago,
Her father's boots were large, you know.
I do regret the hasty line,
Once, I remember, years ago,
I sent a tender valentine."

The best-known pieces of this writer are the two beginning

"If I should die to-night"

and

"Nothing to do but work,
Nothing to eat but food."

These have been widely reprinted and praised by his admirers.

The "Poems" left by Francis Brooks, who died early last year, make a volume far more serious and significant than the one just mentioned. The interesting introductory memoir supplied by the editor, Mr. Wallace Rice, tells us of the life of the poet, how he became, first a lawyer, then a physician, and how, when "professional success was in his very grasp, the voice within him grew too strong to be disregarded," and he set about becoming a poet. Nearly two years ago, the first-fruits of his literary labors took shape in a small volume called "Margins." It was distinctly promising, but the writer still knew that he had much to learn, of both nature and life, and determined upon an experiment similar to that made by Mr. Walter Wyckoff, the results of which are recorded in the fascinating volumes of "The Workers." In a word, Brooks set out to work his way from Chicago to California, and to learn the common lot of mankind by accepting to the full its responsibilities and its hardships. The undertaking was too much for his physical powers, and he returned to his home in the grasp of a fever that resulted in his untimely death at the age of thirty-one. Of the three sections which comprise this volume of his work, the first reproduces the "Margins" that formed his only publication during life. They are somewhat too irregular to be good poetry, and betray the influence of Whitman, although in attitude and spirit rather than in form. They were, in fact, dedicated "To Him"

"Whose plenteous hand and fertile brain
Bid flowers that fade to bloom again,
Whose eyes are sanctity, whose brow
Doth wear the aureole e'en now."

The second section, called "Preludes," reveals an advance in finish and an increasing depth of thought, and closes with four really remarkable quatrains suggested by the life of Christ. One of them—"Jesus Wept"—we quote.

"At eve He rested there amidst the grass,
And as the stars shone out He dreamed of God,
His destiny, the distant kingdom all of glass
And gold; He watched the reapers homeward plod;
Became aware of strength for holy deeds
Astir within Him; turned His eyes to where
The Great Sea rolled—a sight that ever breeds
A hunger for deep powers; felt that there
A symbol was of His far-spreading mind,
His restless strong desire, and marked perchance
The tiny specks of moving sail; divined
Of time and space the secret circumstance,
And when His gaze was wearied, softly wept
And was consoled—then to His shelter crept."

The third section contains nearly a hundred pieces, all in the same simple yet elaborate form of verse, a variation devised by the author upon the basis of

the roundel. We may take "The Reformer" to illustrate at once the form of the verse and the ardent aspiration of the writer for a purer national life.

"He sought not fame, he made no claim,
He longed to see the spirit's flame
Burn out a venal nation's shame,
He sought not fame.

"But faithful still through scorn, neglect,
Through ridicule and dear hopes wrecked,
Always with love he struck the lyre,
Ne'er in revenge, hatred, nor ire.

"Here but a shard I bring the bard,
Misfortune's own and evil-starred —
Burnt in the glaze, unbroken, hard,
He sought not fame."

"Blots on the fair fame of his country," says the editor, "affected him like personal disgrace, and, next to singleness of purpose, patriotism sounds the fundamental note of his best lines." We may add that we have rarely been so impressed with a poet's absolute sincerity as we have in reading this volume.

Bhartrihari was a Brahman of princely lineage, who is said to have reigned in Oujein early in the Christian era. Like Buddha, he forsook his state, and went to cultivate philosophy in a cave for the rest of his life. A little book of epigrams bearing his name has come down to us, and Mr. Paul Elmer More has put an even hundred of them into English verse, not, however, without taking liberties like those taken by Fitzgerald in his dealings with the Tent-maker. The motive that made a philosopher of the prince is given in this quatrain:

"Better, I said, in trackless woods to roam
With chattering apes or the dumb grazing herds,
Than dwell with fools, though in a prince's home,
And bear the dropping of their ceaseless words."

It is the full-grown philosopher who speaks in the following verses:

"Like as our outworn garments we discard,
And other new ones don:
So doth the Soul these bodies doff when marred
And others new put on.

"Fire doth not kindle It, nor sword divides,
Nor winds nor waters harm;
Eternal and unchanged the One abides,
And smiles at all alarm."

Finally, it is the deepest of all spiritual experiences that is reflected in this counsel:

"Like an uneasy fool thou wanderest far
Into the nether deeps,
Or upward climbest where the dim-lit star
Of utmost heaven sleeps.

"Through all the world thou rankest, O my soul,
Seeking and wilt not rest;
Behold, the peace of Brahma, and thy goal,
Hideth in thine own breast."

The thought of this Sanskrit sage is well worth studying in Mr. More's agreeable transcription.

Yiddish is the dialect, compounded of German and Hebrew, with some admixture of Slavonic, spoken by many of the Jews in Russia and Austria. It has had a sort of literature of its own for some four centuries, but nothing noteworthy until of late, when it has become the vehicle of a considerable

amount of folk-song. Its most remarkable achievement, however, is found in the songs of Mr. Morris Rosenfeld, a Polish Jew who learned the tailor's trade, and as an American immigrant spent many years of weary toil in the sweat-shops of New York. His verses, recently brought to the attention of the critic by Mr. Leo Wiener, are now published in a volume that sets the Yiddish and the English translation face to face with one another. They are true lyrical treasure-trove, and, lest the name of Yiddish terrify our reader overmuch, we hasten to explain that to read these poems is merely to read German and hunt up an occasional unfamiliar word in the glossary. An illustration will make this clear.

"Nit vun Frühling's süßen Wetter,
Nit vun Engel, nit vun Götter
Singt der ehrlicher Poet;
Nit vun Felder, nit vun Teichen,
Was gehören jetzt zum Reichen,—
Nor vun Kworin, was er seht.

"Elend seht er, Not un' Schmerzen,
Wunden tragt er tief im Herzen,
Nit gelindert, nit gestillt; —
Auf dem grossen Welt-bessalmen
Krächzt er traurige Paalmen.
Stimmt er an sein Harf' un' spielt."

Given "Bessalmen" = cemetery, and "Kworin" = graves, the rest is plain enough. It must be said, however, that the poet fails to live up to his own principles, for he does sing, and very melodiously, of spring and green fields and nightingales. Still, the most insistent note of his song is doubtless that of sympathy for the toiler, a sympathy born from bitter personal experience, and poignant in its pathos. He might almost be called the Heine of the sweat-shop and the factory, and his message is one that should strike deep into the heart of every generous reader.

Dr. William Henry Drummond, of Montreal, whose verses in portrayal of the life and dialect of the Canadian *habitant* have won so much favor for both author and subject, now publishes a small illustrated volume containing two poems. The first, called "Phil-o-rom's Canoe," is in the dialect the author knows so intimately, the last stanza being: "You can only steer, an' if rock be near, wit' wave dashin' all aroun',
Better mak' leetle prayer, for on Dead Riviere, some very smart man get drown;
But if you be locky an' watch yourse'f, mebbe reever won't seem so wide,
An first t'ing you know you'll ronne ashore, safe on de 'noddor side."

"Madeleine Vercheres," on the other hand, is in orthodox English, and tells a stirring tale of how a French maiden defended a fort from the Iroquois for six days, and until succor came from a distance. It is a ballad not unlike those of which Whittier had so many to tell.

Few poets get so near as Mr. Duncan Campbell Scott to the very heart of nature.

"In every heart the heart of spring
Bursts into leaf and bud;
The heart of love in every heart
Leaps with its eager flood."

His new volume, "Labor and the Angel," is full of lovely songs, and none of them are more captivating than the four inscribed to the four seasons, and to the singer's "love Armitage." We reluctantly pass the first three by, to select the "Winter Song" which follows:

- "Sing me a song of the dead world,
Of the great frost deep and still,
Of the sword of fire the wind hurled
On the iron hill.
- "Sing me a song of the driving snow,
Of the reeling cloud and the smoky drift,
Where the sheeted wraiths like ghosts go
Through the gloomy rift.
- "Sing me a song of the ringing blade,
Of the snarl and shatter the light ice makes,
Of the whoop and the swing of the snow-shoe raid
Through the cedar brakes.
- "Sing me a song of the apple-loft,
Of the corn and the nuts and the mounds of meal,
Of the sweeping whir of the spindle soft,
And the spinning-wheel.
- "Sing me a song of the open page,
Where the ruddy gleams of the firelight dance,
Where bends my love Armitage,
Reading an old romance.
- "Sing me a song of the still nights,
Of the large stars steady and high,
The aurora darting its phosphor lights
In the purple sky."

Of this poet we may safely say that the vision of the world is his, and the sentiment that lends beauty to the interpretation.

Toward the close of the year 1870, Mr. George Meredith wrote an ode to France, then suffering the double humiliation of defeat and invasion. It was a noble poem, perhaps the finest that Mr. Meredith has ever written. This we said when it made its first appearance in one of the author's books, and this we repeat after thinking the matter over for a number of years. Such a passage as the following would probably have been accepted by Matthew Arnold as an example of the grand style in poetry.

"Forgetful is green earth; the Gods alone
Remember everlastingly: they strike
Remorselessly, and ever like for like.
By their great memories Gods are known."

Nearly thirty years have passed since this ode was written, and the author now gives us three new "Odes in Contribution to the Song of French History," their subjects being "The Revolution," "Napoleon," and "Alsace-Lorraine." In the volume that contains them he defiantly reprints the "France" of 1870, deliberately forcing a comparison between the two manners thus illustrated. We have made a quotation from the early poem, let us now extract a characteristic passage from one of the later odes. The subject of the passage we surmise to be Napoleon; but this is a world of uncertainties, and we will not be dogmatic.

"Hugest of engines, a much limited man,
She saw the Lustrous, her great lord, appear
Through that smoked glass her last privation brought
To point her critic eye and spur her thought:
A heart but to propel Leviathan;
A spirit that breathed but in earth's atmosphere.

Amid the plumed and sceptred ones
Irradiatingly Jovian,
The mountain tower capped by the floating cloud;
A nursery screamer where dialectics ruled:
Mannerless, graceless, laughterless, unlike
Herself in all, yet with such power to strike
That she the various features she could scan,
Dared not to smn, though seeing: and befooled
By power that beamed omnipotent, she bowed,
Subservient as roused echo round his guns."

In the name of all that is clear and sane and symmetrical, we feel bound to protest against this riot of the parts of speech. We have not singled out an extremely unintelligible passage; the poems contain scores of others just as muddy as this, and compared with them the most violent conceits of Donne or Sir Thomas Browne would seem to be reading for infant minds. We have no doubt that this passage and its fellows have meanings; we have no doubt that many readers might with due diligence work out those meanings; but we have also no doubt that such an effort would be a woeful misapplication of energy. These tailings of Mr. Meredith's ore are not rich enough to be worth treatment. What was once merely an affectation with him has become a disease, and we have no wish to inquire too curiously into his understanding of "incandescent scorpions" and "hydrocephalic ærolites," or to ask his interpretation of that Jabberwocky verse,

"The friable and the grumous, dizzards both."

But it may be observed, in concluding these remarks about a most perverse book, that not only have lucidity and proportion and style disappeared from Mr. Meredith's verse, but even music has accompanied them in their dismayed flight. "Rightly, then, should France worship, and deafen the disaccord of those who dare withstand an irresistible sword to thwart his predestined subjection of Europe." Would anyone, reading this, have the remotest suspicion that it claimed to be poetry? And of such verbiage as this are the "Odes" largely composed.

If we have ever read verses more stale, flat, and unprofitable than Mr. Mackenzie Bell's "Pictures of Travel, and Other Poems," we cannot now recall the occasion. Why on earth should a man write — and publish — such stuff as this? —

"'Tis true amid our earthly life there runs
A tangled thread of strange perplexity —
And much injustice; yet comes by and by
A nobler state of being, when that which seems
Unjust will be explained or set aright."

Or this? —

"Yet God who gave the pureness
To yon fair mountain snow
Gives also the securesness
Whereby these roses blow."

We have found nothing in the entire volume that rises much above the bald commonplace of these extracts. Yet it is a printed book. "This also is a mystery of life," as Mr. Ruskin says.

If Dr. Conan Doyle has any regard for what is left of his literary reputation, he will allow his "Songs of Action" to remain the only volume of verses to which his name is attached. He is not a

poet, and could never by any possibility become one. We have looked through this volume in vain for a single gleam of poetic feeling or a single instance of felicitous expression. We get instead martial episodes done in verse, horsey ballads, a poor imitation of Mr. Kipling's patriotic fervor, but nothing much nearer poetry than this "Parable":

"The cheese-mites asked how the cheese got there,
And warmly debated the matter;
The Orthodox said that it came from the air,
And the heretics said from the platter.
They argued it long and they argued it strong,
And I hear they are arguing now;
But of all the choice spirits who lived in the cheese,
Not one of them thought of a cow."

Mr. Charles Camp Tarelli's "Persephone" is a metrical version of the familiar form of the myth, done in easy hexameters like these:

"Wide is the peopled earth, and many the hosts of the living;
Wider the realms of the shade, and the crowded legions of silent,
Pale, and bodiless ghosts more numberless far than the toiling,
Striving, rejoicing men who bless thee for prosperous harvests."

The poem is a pleasing performance, but praise must end with that statement. It is followed by two longish pieces, "Magna Mater" and "A Song of Arrival and Departure," which have in common the minor chord of *Weltschmerz*, which in both cases works into a crashing and triumphant resolution. The remaining contents are short things, sonnets, rondeaus, sestinas, and the like. The elegiac ode to Catullus is happily achieved, both as verse and characterization, and is not unsuggestive of the classical experiments of Tennyson. Perhaps the most distinctive feature of these charming poems is the ever-recurring appeal to Nature as the sure refuge of the soul in distress.

"O Mother! lift again my head low-bowed,
My aching head the bitter garland binds;
Quicken me with new life; let thy great winds
Blow on me through the swaying of thy trees;
Sweep by me with thy pageants of grey cloud,
And rock me with the rolling of thy seas."

This note occurs again and again, ringing and clear; it is the final word of the poet's philosophy.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

*A Briton's
view of his
American kin.*

Readers of that fascinating work, Baedeker's "United States," will welcome a new book by the author, Mr. James Fullarton Muirhead, who now, in a less formal style than that conditioned by the guide-book, gives us "a Briton's view of his American kin" in a volume entitled "The Land of Contrasts" (Lamson). It is an attractive volume throughout, and not the least so in the penultimate chapter of "Baedekeriana," which empties the ragbag of the writer's recollections into the receptive lap of the reader. Why the book is entitled as it is may be illustrated by one of the many reasons given. "I

have hailed with delight the democratic spirit displayed in the greeting of my friend and myself by the porter of a hotel as 'You fellows,' and then had the cup of pleasure dashed from my lips by being told by the same porter that 'the other gentleman would attend to my baggage!'" A great many other contrasts are noted with similar good-humored acceptance of the conditions of life in a strange country. Mr. Muirhead knows us better than do most of the Englishmen who undertake to write about "the States," for he gave three years of travel and observation to the preparation of his "Baedeker," and has since then become almost as good an American as the rest of us. He is as fair-minded as Mr. Bryce, and is ever ready to match our shortcomings with those of his own people. Like most visitors from other countries, he is amazed at the easy-going way with which we put up with nuisances. "Americans invented the slang word 'kicker,' but so far as I could see, their vocabulary is here miles ahead of their practice; they dream noble deeds, but do not do them. Englishmen 'kick' much better, without having a name for it." Mr. Muirhead's tribute to the beauty of the White City is worth quoting in part. "We expected that America would produce the largest, most costly, and most gorgeous of all international exhibitions; but who expected that she would produce anything so inexpressibly poetic, chaste, and restrained, such an absolutely refined and soul-satisfying picture, as the Court of Honour, with its lagoon and gondolas, its white marble steps and balustrades, its varied yet harmonious buildings, its colonnaded vista of the great lake, its impressive fountain, its fairy-like outlining after dark by the gems of electricity, its spacious and well-modulated proportions which made the largest crowd in it but an unobtrusive detail, its air of spontaneity and inevitableness which suggested nature itself, rather than art? . . . It will to all time remain impossibly ridiculous to speak of a country or a city as wholly given over to the worship of Mammon which almost involuntarily gave birth to this ethereal emanation of pure and uneconomic beauty." It is still another of the author's "contrasts" which impels him, on the next page, to speak of Chicago church architecture as "a studied insult to religion," a criticism which we must admit to be only too true. One of Mr. Muirhead's meatiest chapters is devoted to that calamity of our civilization that is known as American journalism. The Sunday newspaper is pleasantly styled a "hog-trough," which it frequently is, and the severest strictures are made upon the sensationalism, the vulgarity, the puerility, the flippant brutality, and the general disregard of everything that is true and lovely so characteristic of the "enterprise" of our newspaper proprietors. All this, too, we must admit is richly deserved, and we thank the author for saying it. One more observation, timely and well framed, must close these extracts. It was made before the outbreak of the recent war, and is even more apposite now than it was when the words

were written down. "The spectacle of a section in the United States apparently ready to step down from its pedestal of honorable neutrality, and run its head into the ignoble web of European complications, was indeed one to make both gods and mortals weep." Whereby we may see that edification, as well as entertainment, is to be got from this most readable book.

*The predecessor of
Major Marchand.*

Readers of the last series of "Fors Clavigera," some fifteen years ago, will perhaps remember that Mr. Ruskin had some words on Mungo Park. In writing of Scott, Mr. Ruskin tells of some conversations which Sir Walter had with the famous explorer, and speaks severely of the man who was willing to quit the devoted work of a country doctor by the Tweed for the sake of tracing "the lonely brinks of useless rivers." Mungo Park was a loyal and unselfish man in the performance of his duties among the hills of Selkirkshire. Mr. Ruskin thought it was the desire for personal gain that forced him into his fatal journey. Such an idea is by no means given in the sketch of Mungo Park written by Mr. T. Banks Maclachlan for the "Famous Scots" series (imported by Scribner), and we are inclined to think that Mr. Ruskin was in this one case mistaken. The fascination of exploration and the curiosity of science, these were the causes of Mungo Park's embarking on his second expedition, these and the desire to carry out what he had worthily begun. Mungo Park was the discoverer of the Niger. When Mr. Ruskin calls the Niger a useless river, he speaks as many Englishmen would have spoken fifteen years ago. Last spring, however, a different opinion was prevalent. This book, containing a good account of Mungo Park's explorations on behalf of England a hundred years ago, is especially pertinent now that England is beginning to be vexed that the French are taking to themselves all the advantages of those discoveries. All the upper Niger, the whole of the course that Mungo Park in 1805 sailed to his death, is now claimed and exploited by the French. From St. Louis they went to the Niger, from the Niger to Lake Chad and the Upper Congo, from the Upper Congo to Fashoda. Even Timbuctu, which Tennyson discovered for poetry, was discovered for commerce by the French, — and perhaps with equal advantage. However that may be, this little book will be read just now, as much as a sort of political pamphlet as for any other reason. But although present affairs on the Niger are of instant interest, Mungo Park should not be forgotten. He journeyed from Gambia, almost alone, and discovered the upper waters of the river that had been so long a mystery. He went again ten years afterwards with a company of forty-four, found the Niger again, and sailed down it. From that expedition no one ever returned, nor did any account of the death of Mungo Park reach Europe for some years. One by one his men had perished, till at the last there were but three with him, when the remnant of the expedition was swallowed up in the great river in a des-

perate attempt to escape from unnumbered enemies. It was a heroic end: nor shall we take it upon ourselves to say that Mungo Park would have done better to have lived and died a country doctor by the Tweed. A man who is willing to die in pursuit of his duty has some right to say what that duty is.

*Birds and
bird-worship
in antiquity.*

In a neat volume entitled "Bird Gods" (A. S. Barnes & Co.), Mr. Charles De Kay presents some attractive essays discussing the ideas held in ancient Europe regarding birds. The subject has been strangely neglected by folk-lorists and anthropologists. Many of the heroes and gods of antiquity are accompanied by or associated with bird companions, messengers, or servants. These birds share more or less the divinity of their masters. Mr. De Kay thinks that in many cases the birds are themselves regarded as divine, and that the respect and worship shown their masters or companions were originally theirs alone. A number of cases are cited where the god-character of the birds themselves is clearly shown. The birds most respected by the ancients appear to be the dove, woodpecker, cuckoo, peacock, owl, swan, and eagle. Their independent attributes are usually well distinguished, but considerable confusion of them exists both in the popular ideas and in Mr. De Kay's treatment. Some of the author's suggestions are striking and original. Thus, he connects our vulgar expression "I swan" with an ancient practice of "swearing by the swan." His effort to explain the *couvade* by popular ideas concerning the brooding bird and the cuckoo is ingenious. Unfortunately, however, this chapter—"The *Couvade* in Ireland and Persia"—is so lacking in clearness that it must be considered simply as a suggestion along a line which, clearly developed, may prove important. While admitting the great interest and value of the book, we feel that the author somewhat overrates the weight of his evidence regarding bird-worship, although the previous neglect of so interesting a field is some excuse for this over-estimate. It is also interesting to see how easily ingenious authors can use the same data to support extremely divergent theories. What Mr. George Cox insists are sun-myths are equally well interpreted as dawn-stories by Professor Max Müller or as bird-god tales by Mr. De Kay. The decorations of this book really deserve the special mention they hold in the title. They are original, quaint, and truly artistic. The artist's ingenuity in his pictures is almost equal to that of the author in his text. On the whole, "Bird Gods" is distinctly interesting, alike to folk-lorists, students of mythology, and general readers.

*Horse-shoe
magic and other
folk-lore.*

Another volume of folk-lore studies is presented by Dr. Robert M. Lawrence, under the title of the opening chapter, "The Magic of the Horse-shoe" (Houghton). Dr. Lawrence has chosen a popular subject and treats it popularly. His book consists of a

number of essays covering a considerable range of topics. In the first of them he traces the history of the horse-shoe, states the superstitions connected with it, and discusses the theories regarding their origin. While always interesting, the argument lacks definiteness and coherence. The other essays are: "Fortune and Luck," "Folk-lore of Common Salt," "Omens of Sneezing," "Days of Good and Evil Omen," "Superstitious Dealings with Animals," and "The Luck of Odd Numbers." These are uneven in interest and treatment, although all of them show diligence in gathering data and some originality in treatment. A rather tiresome feature of Dr. Lawrence's work is the homily thrown into most of his essays, in which he deplores the existence of the ideas and superstitions studied. This seems an unnecessary regret. A streak of superstition is human: it will last while man lasts.

*Vondel's Lucifer
in English verse.*

A nation which has delighted in Dietrich Knickerbocker, and has taken to its heart Sleepy Hollow and Rip Van Winkle, rather owes it to itself to become acquainted with Vondel and his "Lucifer." Looking back to the Dutch episode in our history, we sometimes fail to estimate rightly that vigorous people which produced Rembrandt, De Ruyter, Huygens, and various other noteworthy persons, among whom we might mention also Spinoza, since he was cast out by his own people. These gained wide fame largely because they did not have to trust to the feeble powers of speech: pictures, sea-fights, pendulums, philosophies, are all independent of linguistic boundaries. Like Milton, Vondel had the courage to write his great poem in his own tongue. Mr. Leonard C. Van Noppen has just translated it into ours (Vondel's Lucifer: Continental Publishing Co.), in a book that deserves mention for a number of reasons. It is excellently printed and bound, interestingly illustrated, and enriched with an Introduction by Professor W. H. Carpenter of Columbia, an Essay by Dr. G. Kalf of Utrecht, a sketch of Vondel's life and times by the author, and also an Interpretation of the poem by him. There is, therefore, everything that one would ask for in such a book. Or, rather — *porro unum*, we had almost forgotten — everything that one could ask, provided that the translation be good. There is always a moment of suspense, in turning to a well-published translation, in which we wonder whether it will be readable. Mr. Van Noppen has in this matter been singularly successful: his translation seems almost like an original. We do not mean that it has precisely the poetic character of Vondel himself; that would be a risky assertion. But it does have a poetic character, it is not obviously a translation, it will be read by many, we suspect, without that frantic desire to know the original which accompanies the reading of some translations. There is much more to say about this book. We would gladly speak of the pictures, curious things like old wood engravings, by John Aarts. We would gladly

say a word on the position taken as to Milton's poetic relations with Vondel, but the parallel passages cited give others a good opportunity to judge. We regret also that we have not room for a few words of comment on the poem itself, which might show that it was just now worth reading. But the exigencies of time and space must be our apology for merely calling attention to a book that will come into relation with a good many lines of reading.

*German Elizabeth
and her garden.*

There are not a few English ladies who have married German husbands, and we imagine that "Elizabeth" is one of them. Further, we believe that Elizabeth (rather bored with *kaffeeklatches* and other German festivities) spent most of her time in her garden, and there allowed herself to write down things about it and herself. Then her friends in England, to whom on visits she read select portions, kept saying "Oh, that is so charming! Really, you must publish it"; and the result was "Elizabeth and her German Garden" (Macmillan). So much is our opinion — of course, more or less doubtful: more like a fact is it that Elizabeth (whoever she may be) had a genuine love of flowers and gardens, and a keen appreciation of the colors of nature. We are sure that all garden-lovers will detect this in her. She may not have known very much about flowers — probably she did not — but she appreciated them, and for a rambling sort of garden-journal her book is very pleasant. So far as the garden is concerned, the author may well enough remain impersonal. But her opinions on other matters, or rather her mental attitudes, are such that it is of interest to know whether she is really German or not. If we may judge from the book, she is the wife of a man of good family, living upon his estate in Pomerania. She speaks of herself as a German. But we think it would be unlikely that a German girl of fifteen should have the chance to fall in love with the parish organist who wore a surplice on Sundays and a frockcoat and "bowler" hat other days, or that a German mother should call her children's mixture of German and English "Justice tempered with Mercy," or that any German at all should speak of a "German gardening-book," a "German Sunday," a "German rose," as this lady does, or in general show the same contempt for Germany. As an Englishwoman exiled to Germany, Elizabeth's ideas and ways of thought and life are not so very remarkable. But they are not uninteresting therefore; in fact, there is enough in them to induce a second reading.

*A Scotch
life of
Stevenson.*

A really good life of Robert Louis Stevenson will find many readers. We look forward to its appearance, that we may be able to go over the chances and triumphs of that life with the help of someone who knows; that we may try to see just the way it was that Stevenson's work took shape and was moulded into form, to appreciate just the place he filled among us, to estimate, it may be, his genius. We

turned to the volume on Stevenson by Margaret Moyes Black in the "Famous Scots" series (imported by Scribner), with the hope of finding something which should put us in the right direction. A Life need not be long to be useful. A thorough knowledge of the facts of your man's life, a keen appreciation of his books if he be a man of letters, and a matured estimate of his genius, will give motive power and character for an interesting narrative, which may be very short, as the plan of this series requires. Miss Black hardly reaches the ideal of such attainment, although she has written a not uninteresting book. There are some minor annoyances: she almost always speaks of "Mr. Stevenson"; she describes his writings as if to people quite unfamiliar with them; and so on. Nor does she quite meet one's desire in ease of narration (not to demand charm), or in critical power. One element, however, her book does have which we in America more than others, perhaps, should value: namely, a familiarity with the Edinburgh life of which Stevenson made a part until his health sent him elsewhere. We are apt not to appreciate enough the Scottish temper of one whom we are rather inclined to think of as a great writer in our own language. But here is the intimate and almost unconscious familiarity with Edinburgh that is needed to fill out our remembrance of Stevenson. Had it nothing more than this, Miss Black's book would not be without interest to the many who love the greatest of the romancers of our generation.

*A naturalist
in the Southern
Alleghanies.*

Among our lighter essayists who deal with themes belonging to Nature, few possess the gift of style to a greater degree than Mr. Bradford Torrey. There is a delicacy, a humor, a grace in expression, an aptness in allusion, and a genial disposition apparent in his writings which give them a distinctive fascination. His latest volume, "A World of Green Hills" (Houghton), is an itinerary, in separate yet coherent sketches, of a series of rambles in the Southern Alleghanies in quest of birds and flowers and mountain scenery. "I sauntered along," he writes, "with frequent interruptions, of course (that was part of the game),—here for a bird, there for a flower, a tree, or a bit of landscape." The main object which inspired him was the study of the raven, said to be common in the highlands of North Carolina. "But ravens or no ravens, I meant to enjoy myself," he declares; and he did enjoy everything that came to him with such zest, and he tells the story of it with such quiet feeling, that the reader becomes an active sharer in his experience. Unfortunately, no ravens appeared to crown the naturalist's satisfaction; indeed, "as far as ravens were concerned" he carried home "a lean bag—a brace of interrogation points" only. His readers have little occasion to lament this fact, however, so abundant are the subjects of his observation and so magical is the interest he manages to throw around every incident in his adventures. "I relish

natural country talk," he says, and hence he accosts every man and woman and child met on the lonely highway, and calls from each by his friendly manner the best that lay under the rustic exterior, gaining thereby many a glimpse of a strong and pleasing individuality. If Tolstoi's assertion be true, that "infection is a sure sign of art," then Mr. Torrey is an artist of the finest type, for there is not a page in his volume which fails to communicate the subtle contagion of his cheerful, tranquil, serious spirit.

*A marvellous
perpetuation of a
Hebrew grammar.*

The first edition of Gesenius's Hebrew Grammar appeared in Germany in 1813. It soon took its position as a standard work, and since the death of the original editor has been kept abreast the times, first by Professor Roediger, and afterwards by Professor Emil Kautzsch of the University of Halle. This English edition was translated by the late Rev. G. W. Collins, M.A., from the twenty-fifth German edition, and after his death was replenished by the new material of the twenty-sixth German edition, by A. E. Cowley, M.A., of Oxford. So that the book is now entitled "Kautzsch's Gesenius's Hebrew Grammar" (Oxford University Press), translated by Collins and Cowley. As it now stands, this is the best up-to-date comprehensive Hebrew grammar in existence. The work of translating the German into English, never an easy task, seems to have been well done, though there are some idioms upon which translators can never agree. The type of the book is skillfully arranged, the larger representing the statements of principles, and the smaller the citations of examples and their translations. We are somewhat amazed to note that the Clarendon Press should not have required and published a Hebrew index to a grammar which it was desired to make as complete as possible. This is a serious omission, and detracts greatly from the usefulness of a book which the student desires as a *vade mecum* in Hebrew work.

*Thackeray
in America.*

The seventh volume of the biographical edition of Thackeray (Harper) includes "Henry Esmond," "The English Humourists," "The Four Georges," and the brief essay on "Charity and Humour." The introduction, by Mrs. Ritchie, is rather longer than usual, with many illustrations, and particularly interesting to us because it deals, in part, with Thackeray's American lecture tour. He liked Boston society, and said that it was "like the society of a rich Cathedral-town in England—grave and decorous, and very pleasant and well read." He found that a man might lecture in America without being thought *infra dig*. He also had this experience: "When I came here they told me it was usual for lecturers (Mr. B. of London had done it) to call upon all the editors of all the papers, hat in hand, and ask them to puff my lectures. Says I, 'I'll see them all——,' here I used a strong expression, which you will find in the Athanasian Creed. Well, they were pleased rather than otherwise, and now

the papers are puffing me so as to make me blush." Finally, he got very tired of the business (although he was to repeat it two years later), and wrote: "The idleness of the life is dreary and demoralizing all through, and the bore and humiliation of delivering these stale old lectures is growing intolerable. Why, what a superior heroism is Albert Smith's who has ascended Mont Blanc four hundred times!"

BRIEFER MENTION.

In one sense, there cannot be too many translations of Homer, yet it is difficult to discover wherein Mr. Samuel Butler, in his recent prose version of the "Iliad" (Longmans), has improved upon the translation of Messrs. Leaf, Lang, and Myers. But Mr. Butler has his own ideas about translation, and had a right to give them shape. His version is rather freer than others of recent making, and he seeks to avoid hackneyed epithets and phrases. At all events he is better employed in this task than in his endeavor to prove that Nausicaa wrote the "Odyssey."

The Open Court Publishing Co. has just issued a gift-book as beautiful in execution as it is unusual in character. It consists of a series of eight colored reproductions of paintings representing "Scenes in the Life of Buddha," the work of Professor Keichyu Yamada of Tokyo. These paintings are selected from a series made by the artist to illustrate the Japanese translation of "The Gospel of Buddha," by Dr. Paul Carus, which work is used as a text-book in some of the Buddhist schools of Japan. The present reproduction is highly successful as to the coloring, which is exceptionally delicate. Mr. Frederick W. Gookin has designed an appropriate and artistic cover-stamp for this unique volume.

The collection of "Songs of Life and Nature" (Scott, Foresman & Co.) which has been made by Eleanor Smith for the use of schools for girls, is a work which displays intelligence and good taste in unusual degree. Classical selections and folk-songs are interspersed with good modern compositions, and the selections are made with reference, not only to their musical value, but also with regard to the literary value of the texts, the ethical inspiration to be derived from them, and their fitness to the general plan of educational work adopted in progressive schools. The book is one to be heartily commended.

Mr. M. E. Lowndes is the author of a biographical study of "Michel de Montaigne," which is published at the Cambridge University Press (Macmillan). This essay embodies the facts unearthed by the researches of M. M. Payen and Malvezin, and interprets them in the light of the immortal "Essays" themselves. The author is in full sympathy with his subject, and has produced what is probably the most readable account existing in English of the pleasant egotist whose name this study bears. A considerable body of notes supplements the text of this monograph.

Mr. Lorenzo Sears is the author of a treatise, running to some three hundred and fifty pages, upon the "Principles and Methods of Literary Criticism" (Putnam). The work has grown, we are told, out of "an attempt to guide a class in literature in making critical estimates of their reading." The subject is dealt with in a carefully classified and logically grouped series of chapters,

characterized by admirable good sense, but by no striking literary excellence. The work is a plain and not particularly attractive statement of obvious truths and commonplace judgments. It will probably be useful to students who are beginning the study of literature.

Mr. Joseph Shaylor is the compiler of a small book, for which Mr. Andrew Lang has penned an introduction, which gives a selection of extracts pertinent to the subject of "The Pleasures of Literature and the Solace of Books" (Truslove & Combs). The work is like Mr. Ireland's "Enchiridion," but planned on a smaller scale, and including extracts from many writers too recent to be found in that compendium.

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons are the importers of "Sketches and Studies in Italy and Greece," by John Addington Symonds. The work is to occupy three volumes, of which two are now at hand, and will include the contents of the three separate works entitled "Sketches in Italy and Greece," "Sketches and Studies in Italy," and "Italian Byways." Readers of Symonds know that these collections comprise much of his most fascinating and suggestive writing, and will be glad to have their contents topographically arranged, as they are now to be.

Long experience in the popular exposition of the principles of political economy has given Dr. Edward Thomas Devine peculiar qualifications for the preparation of a text-book upon this subject, and his recently published "Economics" (Macmillan) is an excellent book of its sort. While not perhaps the best kind of a book for daily use in the schools, it would serve admirably to supplement some more formal text-book, and for this purpose, as well as for the use of the general reader, it may be warmly recommended. It is, in the main, a treatise readable, lucid, and sound in doctrine.

Mr. Stopford A. Brooke's "English Literature from the Beginning to the Norman Conquest" (Macmillan) is essentially a recast of the author's previous work on "Early English Literature up to the Days of Alfred." The original text has been shortened, rewritten, and rearranged, besides being supplemented for the present volume by a long chapter on Alfred, and four other chapters on the subsequent period. There are many translated passages in the text, and a number of others in the appendix, where we find "The Wanderer" and "The Battle of Maldon." A bibliography is appended.

Mr. Paul Leicester Ford's edition of "The Writings of Thomas Jefferson" (Putnam) has reached its ninth volume, and already draws near the close of the great President's life. The correspondence for the years 1807-1815 is given in this volume, and we should suppose that one more volume ought to complete the collection. Mr. Ford's services to American historical scholarship are so many and varied that we hardly need to characterize them with every new book that bears his name. Possessors of the set now in question will be glad to learn that it will soon stand complete upon their shelves.

A revised edition of Professor Edward Channing's "Students' History of the United States" (Macmillan), with additions taking in the war with Spain, has recently come to us, and we are once more impressed with the admirable character of the book. The recent tendency to include in the last year of secondary school work a serious study of American history cannot fail to receive new impetus from the mere fact that such a volume as this of Mr. Channing, so suitable for the purpose, is to be had.

LITERARY NOTES.

"Some Notes of a Struggling Genius," by Mr. G. S. Street, and "Stories Toto Told Me," by Baron Corvo, are two new "Bodley Booklets," published by Mr. John Lane.

Mr. Charles Morris adds a "Spanish" volume to his series of "Historical Tales," of which nine volumes have previously appeared. The tales are brief, and told in a way to be interesting to young people. The Lippincott Co. are the publishers.

Macaulay's essays on Addison and Milton, and Shakespeare's "Macbeth," all edited by Mr. Charles W. French, form three volumes in a new series of annotated English texts published by the Macmillan Co. in a form at once tasteful and inexpensive. Tennyson's "Princess," edited by Mr. Wilson Farrand, is a fourth volume of the same series.

The American Unitarian Association (25 Beacon Street, Boston) has printed for free distribution a pamphlet of twenty-eight pages entitled "A Plea for Sincerity in Religious Thought," by Rev. Joseph Henry Crooker, the author of "Jesus Brought Back," and "Problems in American Society."

"Asheville Pictures and Pencillings" is the title of an attractive and novel little booklet published in the famous Southern winter resort by Mr. A. H. McQuilkin, editor of "The Inland Printer." It is prettily illustrated and contains much interesting information, and we hope Mr. McQuilkin's intention to issue such a pamphlet fortnightly will be fulfilled.

"Cuba and Other Verse" is a reprint of a volume published pseudonymously several years ago. The authorship is now acknowledged by Mr. Robert Manners, who puts forth this new edition through the press of Messrs. Way & Williams in a tasteful book. The contents, while not in any way remarkable, are not undeserving of attention from readers of poetry.

Messrs. Ginn & Co. publish Goethe's "Egmont," edited by Dr. Max Winkler; "Deutsche Gedichte for High Schools," selected by Mr. Hermann Mueller, and "The Easiest German Reading for Learners Young or Old," prepared by Dr. George Hempl. "Auf der Sonnenseite," a selection of stories and sketches from modern authors, edited by Dr. Wilhelm Bernhardt, is published by Messrs. D. C. Heath & Co.

The Macmillan Company announces the publication in February, under the editorship of Mr. Frank M. Chapman, of the first number of a popular bi-monthly magazine of ornithology to be known as "Bird Lore." The magazine will be the official organ of the Audubon Societies for the protection of birds and a department devoted to their work will be under the charge of Mrs. Mabel Osgood Wright.

Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. expect to issue at once the American edition of "Eighteenth Century Letters," under the general editorship of Mr. R. Brimley Johnson. The letters of Swift, Addison, and Steele are selected and edited with an introduction by Mr. Stanley Lane Poole, in one volume, and Mr. George Birkbeck Hill has performed the same offices for those of Johnson and Lord Chesterfield in another volume.

"War Poems, 1898," compiled by the California Club, comes to us from the Murdock Press of San Francisco. There are respectable names in the table of contents, — Messrs. Clinton Scollard, Marston Wilcox, Robert Burns Wilson, and Theodore C. Williams, Misses

Ina D. Coolbrith and Edith M. Thomas — but the average quality of the work is low, to say nothing of the average quality of the ideals by which it is inspired.

There is a rapidly growing literature of protest against the expansion madness that has seized upon so many normally sane Americans. One by one the sober opinions of our really serious thinkers are finding voice, and a movement of thought has begun which we trust will soon acquire volume enough to save the Republic from the threatened repudiation of its own best ideals. Among the recently published utterances of conservative scholars upon this all-important subject, we note the magnificent address called "American Imperialism," made early this month by Mr. Carl Schurz before the University of Chicago in quarterly Convocation, and now printed in the "University Record"; the fine and scholarly paper of Mr. Charles Francis Adams, read on last Forefathers' Day before the Lexington Historical Society, and now published in pamphlet form by Messrs. Dana Estes & Co.; and the acute and effective argument of Mr. Edwin Burritt Smith, upon the subject of "National Expansion under the Constitution," published by the R. R. Donnelly & Sons Co. Armed with these three documents, and a copy of Senator Hoar's recent speech, the opponent of expansion would find himself well equipped for discussion.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 103 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

- Alphonse Daudet. By Léon Daudet. To which is added "The Daudet Family," by Ernest Daudet. Trans. from the French by Charles de Kay. With portrait, 12mo, gilt top, pp. 466. Little, Brown, & Co. \$1.50.
The Life of Charles Stewart Parnell, 1846-1891. By R. Barry O'Brien. With portrait, 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 775. Harper & Brothers. \$2.50.
The Life of Henry Drummond. By George Adam Smith. With portrait, large 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 541. Doubleday & McClure Co. \$3. net.
Newman Hall: An Autobiography. With portrait, 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 383. T. Y. Crowell & Co. \$3.
Historic Nuns. By Bessie R. Belloc. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 223. London: Duckworth & Co.

HISTORY.

- The Companions of Pickle. A Sequel to "Pickle the Spy." By Andrew Lang. With portraits, large 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 308. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$5.
Our Navy in the War with Spain. By John R. Spears. Illus., 12mo, pp. 406. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.
The Sepoy Mutiny, as Seen by a Subaltern, from Delhi to Lucknow. By Colonel Edward Vibart. Illus., 12mo, uncut, pp. 308. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.
The Dreyfus Case. By Fred. C. Conybeare, M.A. Illus., 12mo, pp. 318. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.
History of the World. By Edgar Sanderson, M.A. With maps, 8vo, pp. 700. "Concise Knowledge Library." D. Appleton & Co. \$2.
The Great Campaigns of Nelson. By William O'Connor Morris. Illus., 12mo, pp. 160. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.
Spanish Historical Tales: The Romance of Reality. By Charles Morris. Illus., 12mo, gilt top, pp. 331. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.25.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- Exotics and Retrospectives. By Lafcadio Hearn. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 299. Little, Brown, & Co. \$2.
The Adventure of the Lady Ursula: A Comedy in Four Acts. By Anthony Hope. Illus. in photogravure, large 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 125. R. H. Russell. \$1.50.

- A Critical Study of "In Memoriam." By the Rev. John M. King, M.A. 16mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 253. Toronto: George N. Morang.
- The More Excellent Way: Words of the Wise on the Life of Love. Compiled by the Hon. Mrs. Lyttelton Gall. 16mo, pp. 325. Oxford University Press.
- The Queen's Garland: Chosen Lyrics of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth. Selected and arranged by FitzRoy Carrington. With portraits, 16mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 105. R. H. Russell. 75 cts.
- Fantastic Fables. By Ambrose Bierce. 16mo, pp. 194. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.
- War Poems of 1898. Compiled by the California Club. Illus., 8vo, pp. 147. San Francisco: Murdock Press.

NEW EDITIONS OF STANDARD LITERATURE.

- Idylls of the King. By Alfred Tennyson; with 60 original decorations by George Woolcroft Rhead and Louis Rhead. 4to, gilt top. R. H. Russell. \$3.75.
- Thackeray's Christmas Books. "Biographical" edition. With Introduction by Anne Thackeray Ritchie. Illus., 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 400. Harper & Brothers. \$1.75.

BOOKS OF VERSE.

- The Song of the Wave, and Other Poems. By George Cabot Lodge. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 135. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.
- The Golden Person in the Heart. By Claude Fayette Bragdon. 18mo, uncut, pp. 42. Gouverneur, N. Y.: Brothers of the Book.
- Phil-o-rum's Canoe, and Madeleine Vercheres. By William Henry Drummond. Illus. in photogravure, 12mo, pp. 12. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 75 cts.
- The Seven Voices. By J. Hooker Hamersley. Illus., 8vo, gilt edges, pp. 143. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.75.
- When Cupid Calls. By Tom Hall; with decorations by Blanche McManus. 16mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 119. E. R. Herrick & Co. \$1.50.
- Ashes of Roses. By Paul Shivel. 18mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 192. Dayton, O.: Press of United Brethren Pub'g House.
- Songs from Puget Sea. By Herbert Bashford. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 100. San Francisco: Whitaker & Ray Co. \$1.
- For Truth and Freedom: Poems of Commemoration. By Armistead C. Gordon. 16mo, uncut, pp. 48. Staunton, Va.: Albert Shultz. Paper, 50 cts.

FICTION.

- Bismillah. By A. J. Dawson. 12mo, pp. 327. Macmillan Co. \$1.25.
- The Journalist. By C. F. Keary. 12mo, uncut, pp. 307. New Amsterdam Book Co. \$1.50.
- A Yankee from the West. By Opie Read. 12mo, pp. 277. Rand, McNally & Co. \$1.
- The Adventures of Cyrano de Bergerac. By Louis Gallet; trans. from the French by Hettie E. Miller. With frontispiece, 12mo, pp. 460. R. F. Fenno & Co. \$1.25.
- The Secret of Fougereuse: A Romance of the Fifteenth Century. Trans. from the French by Louise Imogen Guiney. Illus., 12mo, pp. 347. Boston: Marlier, Callanan & Co. \$1.25.
- An Experimental Wooing. By Tom Hall. 12mo, uncut, pp. 160. E. R. Herrick & Co. \$1.25.
- The Little Lady, Some Other People, and Myself. By Tom Hall. Illus., 12mo, uncut, pp. 222. E. R. Herrick & Co. \$1.25.
- Belinda—and Some Others. 12mo, pp. 236. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.; paper, 50 cts.
- Houses of Glass: A Philosophical Romance. By Wallace Lloyd, M.D. 12mo, pp. 398. G. W. Dillingham Co. \$1.50.
- Bound by the Law. By Kate Thyson Marr. 12mo, pp. 362. G. W. Dillingham Co. \$1.50.
- His Neighbor's Wife. By Gilson Willets. 12mo, pp. 320. F. Tennyson Neely. \$1.25.
- Red, White, and Blue Days. By Ruth Louise Sheldon. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 230. New York: H. Ingalls Kimball.
- Anita, the Cuban Spy. By Gilson Willets. Illus., 12mo, pp. 408. F. Tennyson Neely. 50 cts.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

- With Peary Near the Pole. By Eivind Astrup; trans. from the Norwegian by H. J. Bull. Illus., 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 362. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$3.50.
- A Cruise under the Crescent: From Suez to San Marco. By Charles Warren Stoddard. Illus., 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 358. Rand, McNally & Co. \$1.50.
- With Kitchener to Khartum. By G. W. Steevens. With maps and plans, 12mo, pp. 326. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.
- Historic Homes of the South-West Mountains, Virginia. By Edward C. Mead. Illus., 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 275. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$3.50 net.
- Neely's Panorama of Cuba, and Marching through Cuba. Each oblong 12mo. F. Tennyson Neely. Paper, each 10c.

RELIGION.

- The Great Affirmations of Religion: An Introduction to Real Religion. By Thomas R. Slicer. 12mo, gilt top, pp. 273. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.
- Men and Movements in the English Church. By Arthur Rogers. With photogravure portraits, 12mo, gilt top, pp. 375. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$1.50.
- Lights and Shadows of American Life. By Rev. A. C. Dixon, D.D. 12mo, pp. 197. F. H. Revell Co. \$1.
- The Pledge of Endeavor: A Study. By Rev. William M. Campbell, Ph.D. 12mo, pp. 63. F. H. Revell Co. 35c. net.

SOCIAL AND FINANCIAL STUDIES.

- The City Wilderness: A Settlement Study. By Residents and Associates of the South End House, Boston. Edited by Robert A. Woods. 12mo, pp. 319. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.
- Money and Bimetallism. By Henry A. Miller. 12mo, pp. 308. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.

SCIENCE.

- Degeneracy: Its Causes, Signs, and Results. By Eugene S. Talbot, M.D. Illus., 12mo, pp. 372. "Contemporary Science Series." Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.
- The Study and Difficulties of Mathematics. By Augustus De Morgan. With portrait, 12mo, pp. 288. Open Court Pub'g Co. \$1.25.

MUSIC AND ART.

- How Music Developed: A Critical and Explanatory Account of the Growth of Modern Music. By W. J. Henderson. 12mo, gilt top, pp. 413. F. A. Stokes Co. \$1.25 net.
- Voice and Violin: Sketches, Anecdotes, and Reminiscences. By Dr. T. L. Phipson. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 226. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.75.
- Book-Plates—Old and New. By John A. Gade. Illus., 16mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 52. M. F. Mansfield & Co. \$1.25.
- Scenes from the Life of Buddha. Reproduced from paintings by Keichyu Yamada. Large 8vo, gilt edges. Open Court Pub'g Co.

REFERENCE.

- A Dictionary of the Bible. By John D. Davis, Ph.D. Illus., 8vo, pp. 802. Philadelphia: The Westminster Press. \$2. net.
- The Daily News Almanac and Political Register for 1899. Compiled by George E. Plumb, A.B. 12mo, pp. 484. Chicago Daily News Co. 50 cts.; paper, 25 cts.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

- The Boys of '98. By James Otis. Illus., 8vo, pp. 386. Dana Estes & Co. \$1.50.
- The Modern Traveller. By H. B. and B. T. B. Illus., 8vo, pp. 80. Macmillan Co. \$1.
- Little Bertha. By W. J. Stillman. 24mo, uncut, pp. 111. London: Grant Richards.
- Bible Stories in Bible Language. By Edward Tuckerman Potter; with Introduction by the Right Rev. Henry C. Potter, D.D. New edition; illus., 12mo, pp. 197. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.
- How Polly and Ned Found Santa Claus. By Anna Chapin Ray. Illus., 8vo. Privately Printed.
- Cis Martin; or, The Furriners in the Tennessee Mountains. By Louise R. Baker. Illus., 12mo, pp. 270. Eaton & Main. \$1.

Starlight Sterling, and Other Stories and Poems for Boys and Girls. By Edie Kline Merwine. With frontispiece, large 8vo, uncut, pp. 56. Columbus: Champlin Printing Co. 50 cts.

The Time O'Day. By Prescott Bailey Bull; illus. by Eleanor Withey Willard. Oblong 8vo, pp. 32. Grand Rapids: Michigan Trust Co. Paper.

EDUCATION.—BOOKS FOR SCHOOL AND COLLEGE.

A History of Rugby School. By W. H. D. Rouse, M.A. Illus., 12mo, uncut, pp. 420. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

The Educational Systems of Great Britain and Ireland. By Graham Balfour, M.A. 12mo, pp. 320. Oxford University Press.

An Educational Experiment. By "Erato." 12mo, pp. 139. Chicago: Orville Brewer.

Physical Geography. By William Morris Davis and William Henry Snyder. Illus., 12mo, pp. 428. Ginn & Co. \$1.40.

Studies in Advanced Physiology. By Louis J. Rettger, A.M. Illus., large 8vo, pp. 392. Terre Haute: Inland Pub'g Co.

Songs of Life and Nature, for the Use of Schools. Composed and selected by Eleanor Smith. Large 8vo, pp. 208. Scott, Foresman & Co. \$1.25.

Memoirs of Edward Gibbon. Edited by Oliver Farrar Emerson, A.M. 12mo, pp. 279. "Athenæum Press Series." Ginn & Co. \$1.20.

The Poems of William Collins. Edited by Walter C. Branson, A.M. With frontispiece, 12mo, pp. 135. "Athenæum Press Series." Ginn & Co. \$1.

First Lessons in Modern Geology. By the late A. H. Green, M.A.; edited by J. F. Blake, M.A. 12mo, pp. 212. Oxford University Press.

Cooper's The Last of the Mohicans. Edited by John B. Dunbar, Ph.D. 12mo, pp. 513. Ginn & Co. 75 cts.

Bird World: A Bird Book for Children. By J. H. Stickney and Ralph Hoffman. Illus. in colors, etc., 12mo, pp. 214. Ginn & Co. 70 cts.

First Steps in the History of our Country. By William A. Mowry, Ph.D., and Arthur May Mowry, A.M. Illus., 12mo, pp. 315. Silver, Burdett & Co. 60 cts.

French Heroes of the Middle West. By Mary Hartwell Catherwood. Illus., 16mo, pp. 141. Ginn & Co. 60 cts.

Laboratory Exercises in Anatomy and Physiology. By James Edward Peabody, A.M. 12mo, pp. 79. Henry Holt & Co. 60 cts.

Poetry of the Seasons. Compiled by Mary I. Lovejoy. Illus., 12mo, pp. 336. Silver, Burdett & Co. 60 cts.

Historic Boston and its Neighborhood. By Edward Everett Hale. Illus., 12mo, pp. 186. "Home Reading Books." D. Appleton & Co. 50 cts. net.

Conjugaison des Verbes Français. Par Paul Bercy, B.L. 12mo, pp. 84. William R. Jenkins. Paper, 50 cts.

Deutsche Gedichte for High Schools. Selected and arranged by Hermann Mueller, L.M. 12mo, pp. 71. Ginn & Co. 45 cts.

Braided Straws. By Elizabeth E. Foulke. Illus., 12mo, pp. 135. Silver, Burdett & Co. 40 cts.

Auf der Sonnenseite. Von Heinrich Seidel, Hermann Sudermann, Emil Frommel, and Nataly von Echstruth; selected and edited by Dr. Wilhelm Bernhardt. With portrait, 12mo, pp. 146. D. C. Heath & Co. 35 cts.

The Easiest German Reading for Learners, Young or Old. By George Hempl, Ph.D. 12mo, pp. 82. Ginn & Co. 45 cts.

Sarcey's Le Siège de Paris. Edited by I. H. B. Spiers. With portrait, 12mo, pp. 188. D. C. Heath & Co. 35 cts.

Macaulay's Essays on Milton and Addison. Edited by Charles Wallace French. Each in 1 vol., with portrait, 18mo. Macmillan Co. Per vol., 25 cts.

Tennyson's The Princess. Edited by Wilson Farrand, A.M. With portrait, 18mo, pp. 173. Macmillan Co. 25 cts.

Lessons for Beginners in Reading. By Florence Bass. Illus. in colors, etc., 18mo, pp. 110. D. C. Heath & Co. 25 cts.

Shakespeare's Macbeth. Edited by Charles W. French. With portrait, 24mo, pp. 185. Macmillan Co. 25 cts.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Diet in Illness and Convalescence. By Alice Worthington Winthrop. Illus., 12mo, pp. 287. Harper & Brothers. \$1.50.

The Depew Story Book. Edited by Will M. Clemens. Illus., 12mo, pp. 207. F. Tennyson Neely. \$1.

Our Children in Old Scotland and Nova Scotia. By Emma M. Stirling. 12mo, pp. 184. Coatesville, Pa.: C. N. Speakman.

Church Sociables and Entertainments. Illus., 24mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 168. Doubleday & McClure Co. 50 cts.

The Purple Cow. Written and illus. by Gelett Burgess. 8vo, uncut. San Francisco: William Doxey. Paper, 50 cts.

The Lark Almanac for 1899. Illus., 8vo. San Francisco: William Doxey. Paper, 50 cts.

What Good Does Wishing Do? By Anna Robertson Brown Lindsay, Ph.D. 12mo, pp. 32. T. Y. Crowell & Co. 35 cts.

Auld Lang Syne. By Robert Burns. 16mo. M. F. Mansfield & Co. Paper, 25 cts.

The Gawktown Revival Club. By J. Walter Davis. 16mo, pp. 89. Minneapolis: Gleaner Pub'g Co. Paper, 50c.

AMERICAN SHAKESPEAREAN MAGAZINE.—\$1.50 per Year; single numbers, 15 cts. ANNA RANDALL-DICKIN, Editor, 251 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Book Reviews and other Newspaper Clippings for Authors. One Dollar a Month, or Four Dollars per 100. AUTHORS LEAGUE, P. O. Box 1716, New York.

DO YOU WISH COLLABORATION, author's revision, dramatization, or aid in securing publication of your books, stories, and magazine articles? If so, address ROYAL MANUSCRIPT SOCIETY, 63 Fifth Ave., New York.

A CARD sent to CHARLES P. EVERITT, 18 East Twenty-third Street, New York, will bring by return mail a catalogue of old books—Americana, Drama, Biography, Art, Fine Editions and First Editions, etc., etc.

DWIGHT H. PERKINS, Architect.

Telephone, Harrison 783. Steinway Hall, Chicago.

STORY-WRITERS, Biographers, Historians, Poets—Do you desire the honest criticism of your book, or its skilled revision and correction, or advice as to publication? Such work, said George William Curtis, is "done as it should be by The Easy Chair's friend and fellow laborer in letters, Dr. Titus M. Coan." Terms by agreement. Send for circular D, or forward your book or MS. to the New York Bureau of Revision, 70 Fifth Ave., New York.

FIRST EDITIONS OF MODERN AUTHORS, Including Dickens, Thackeray, Lever, Ainsworth, Stevenson, Jefferies, Hardy. Books illustrated by G. and R. Cruikshank, Phiz, Rowlandson, Leech, etc. The Largest and Choicest Collection offered for Sale in the World. Catalogues issued and sent post free on application. Books bought.—WALTER T. SPENCER, 27 New Oxford St., London, W. C., England.

TO PUBLISHERS.—Young man of 32, capable, energetic, and of clean record, wishes to connect himself with a good publishing house or literary periodical, preferably one operating its own mechanical plant. Has good knowledge of books and printing, and is experienced as executive and buyer; is now employed, but wants to get into publishing as affording field for best development of natural qualifications. Invites closest scrutiny of character and record. Address C. H., care The Dial, Chicago.

L'ECHO DE LA SEMAINE.

Revue Littéraire et Mondaine, Paraissant le Samedi. Abonnement, \$2.00 par an. 175 Tremont Street, BOSTON, MASS. Numéro specimen envoyé sur demande.

STUDY AND PRACTICE OF FRENCH IN SCHOOL. In three Parts. By L. C. BONAME, 258 S. 16th St., Philadelphia, Pa. A carefully graded course, meeting requirements for entrance examination at college. Practice in conversation and thorough drill in Pronunciation and Grammar.—From Education (Boston): "A well made series."

FRENCH BOOKS.

Readers of French desiring good literature will take pleasure in reading our ROMANS CHOISIS SERIES, 60 cts. per vol. in paper and 85 cents in cloth; and CONTES CHOISIS SERIES, 25 cents per vol. Each a masterpiece and by a well-known author. Lists sent on application. Also complete catalogue of all French and other Foreign books when desired.

WILLIAM R. JENKINS,

Nos. 851 and 853 Sixth Ave. (cor. 48th St.), NEW YORK.

THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING CO.

MATHEMATICAL BOOKS.

Lectures on Elementary Mathematics.

By JOSEPH LOUIS LAGRANGE. Being the Course of Lectures delivered at the Ecole Normale, Paris, 1795. Translated from the French by THOMAS J. MCCORMACK. A Masterpiece of Mathematical Exposition. First Separate Edition in English or French. With a fine photogravure portrait of the great mathematician, notes, bibliographical sketch of Lagrange, marginal analyses, index, etc.; handsomely bound in red cloth, pp. 172. \$1.00 net.

"The book ought to be in the hands of every high-school teacher of mathematics in America, for the sake of getting Lagrange's point of view."—Prof. HENRY CREW, *Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill.*

On the Study and Difficulties of Mathematics.

By AUGUSTUS DE MORGAN. New corrected and annotated edition, with references to date, of the work published in 1851, by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. The original is now scarce. With a fine portrait of the great mathematical teacher, complete index, and bibliographies of modern works on algebra. The Philosophy of Mathematics, Pangeometry, etc.; pp. viii. + 288, cloth, \$1.25.

"A valuable essay."—Prof. JAYNES, in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. "The mathematical writings of De Morgan can be commended unreservedly."—Prof. W. W. BEMAN, *University of Michigan*.

Mathematical Essays and Recreations.

By HERMANN SCHUBERT; from the German by THOMAS J. MCCORMACK.

A collection of six articles bearing the following titles: (1) "The Definition and Notion of Number"; (2) "Monism in Arithmetic"; (3) "On the Nature of Mathematical Knowledge"; (4) "Magic Squares"; (5) "The Fourth Dimension"; (6) "The History of the Squaring of the Circle." The first three articles are concerned with the construction of arithmetic as a monistic science, all the consequences of which flow as a matter of pure logic from a few simple principles. The article on the "Fourth Dimension" is popular and shows clearly what is meant by "dimension" in science and what the legitimate function of a "fourth dimension" is in mathematics; of the claims of spiritualism to this beautiful and convenient concept, it disposes definitely. The article on "Magic Squares" is a pleasing recreation. That on the "Squaring of the Circle" gives the history of one of the most instructive and interesting episodes in the history of human thought. Both these essays are very complete popular accounts of their subjects, more complete perhaps than any generally accessible accounts in English.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Truth and Error;

Or, The Science of Intellection. By J. W. POWELL. A new book by the Director of the United States Bureau of American Ethnology and sometime Director of the United States Geological Survey. Pp. 423, cloth, \$1.75.

History of the People of Israel.

From the Beginning to the Destruction of Jerusalem. By Prof. C. H. CORNELL, of the University of Königsberg, Germany. Translated by W. H. CARSWELL, Professor of German in the University of Kansas. Pp. 325, \$1.50 (7s. 6d.).

"Its brevity and clear style make it very readable."—*Outlook*.

"It is concise and graphic."—*Congregationalist*.

"Many attempts have been made since Old Testament criticism settled down into a science, to write the history of Israel popularly. And some of these attempts are highly meritorious, especially Kittel's and Kent's. But Cornell has been most successful. His book is smallest and it is easiest to read. He has the master faculty of seizing the essential and passing by the accidental. His style (especially as freely translated into English by Professor Carswell of Kansas) is pleasing and restful. Nor is he excessively radical. If Isaac and Ishmael are races, Abraham is an individual still. And above all, he has a distinct heroic faith in the Divine mission of Israel."—*The Expository Times* (London).

The Prohibited Land.

The Travels in Tartary, Thibet, and China of MM. HUC and GABET. New Edition. From the French. Handsomely bound in Oriental style. A classic work of Travels. One of the most popular books of all times. 2 vols. 100 illustrations, pp. 688, cloth, \$2.00 (10s.).

"To all readers of Mr. Landor's new book who wish to supplement the information concerning the Forbidden Land there given, we can recommend the work of M. Huc. Time cannot mar the interest of his and M. Gabet's daring and successful enterprise."—*Academy* (London).

OTHER ORIENTAL BOOKS,

AND BOOKS ON COMPARATIVE RELIGION.

BUDDHISM AND ITS CHRISTIAN CRITICS. By Dr. PAUL CARUS. Pp. 311, \$1.25 (6s. 6d.).

THE GOSPEL OF BUDDHA. By Dr. PAUL CARUS. Fifth Edition. Cloth, \$1.00 (5s.); paper, 35 cents (2s.).

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ANCIENT INDIA. By Prof. RICHARD GARBE. Pp. 69, cloth, 50 cents (2s. 6d.); paper, 25 cents (1s. 6d.).

ANCIENT INDIA: ITS LANGUAGE AND RELIGIONS. By Prof. H. OLDENBURG. Pp. ix. + 110, cloth, 50 cents (2s. 6d.); paper, 25 cents (1s. 6d.).

CHINESE FICTION. By Rev. GEORGE T. CANDLIN. Paper, 15 cents.

CHINESE PHILOSOPHY. By Dr. PAUL CARUS. Paper, 25 cents.

LAO-TZE'S TAO-TEH-KING. Chinese-English. With Introduction, Transliteration, and Notes. By Dr. PAUL CARUS. With a photogravure frontispiece of the traditional picture of Lao-tse, specially drawn for the work by an eminent Japanese artist. Appropriately bound in yellow and blue, with gilt top. Pp. 345, \$3.00.

"It goes without saying that the task of obtaining sufficient acquaintance with the Chinese language to translate, under the conditions named, a book like that of Lao-tse is a gigantic one. Dr. Carus's success is little short of marvellous. He frequently cites the versions of others, none of which happen to be at hand for comparison, but in the extracts given it seems clear that Dr. Carus has succeeded better than Dr. Legge or Dr. Chalmers in the passages where we are able to compare them—a very remarkable fact indeed."—*Extract from Review in North China Daily News*.

A Daring Book.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO DARWIN. By Dr. WOODS HUTCHINSON. An eloquent work for liberal and orthodox. A collection of Homiletic Essays, treating the Crying Religious and Ethical Problems of the Day in the Light of the Revelations of Modern Science. Pp. xii. + 241, cloth, \$1.50 (6s.).

"Is one of the most thoughtful and stimulating of recent publications. In these pages are discussed, in a frank, manly, straightforward manner, many of the themes that are most vital to the race. We may not agree with all Dr. Hutchinson says, but we cannot deny the freshness and vigor of his argument, nor the force of his facts, and we shall all find in his pages very much food for profitable meditation."—*The Chicago Chronicle*.

PHILOSOPHICAL AND PSYCHOLOGICAL PORTRAITS. A Selected Series of large-sized Portraits of the World's Philosophers and of representative Psychologists, suitable for framing (11 in. by 14 in.) and hanging in public and private libraries, etc., is now ready. The Portraits are taken from the best sources, and are high-grade photogravures. Both series (58 portraits), \$1.50; or either series alone (34 portraits), \$3.00. A neat portfolio, additional, \$1.00.

Third Edition Now Ready.

POPULAR SCIENTIFIC LECTURES. By Professor ERNST MACH. Revised and greatly enlarged, 8vo, pp. xiv, 59 cuts, cloth, \$1.50; paper, 50 cents.

"Has scarcely a rival in the whole realm of popular scientific writing."—*Boston Traveller*.

THE PRIMER OF PHILOSOPHY. By Dr. PAUL CARUS. Second Edition. Cloth, pp. 242, \$1.00.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF ATTENTION. By Professor TH. RIBOT. Third Edition. Authorized Translation. Cloth, pp. 121, 75 cents.

THE DISEASES OF PERSONALITY. Second Edition. Authorized Translation. Cloth, pp. 157, 75 cents.

THE DISEASES OF THE WILL. Authorized Translation. Cloth, pp. 121, 75 cents.

THREE INTRODUCTORY LECTURES ON THE SCIENCE OF THOUGHT. By Professor F. MAX MÜLLER. Cloth, pp. 128, 75 cts.

THREE LECTURES ON THE SCIENCE OF LANGUAGE. Second Edition. Pp. 112, 75 cents.

THE LOST MANUSCRIPT. By GUSTAV FREYTAG. A Novel. Authorized Translation from the Sixteenth German Edition. Two volumes, extra cloth, gilt top, pp. 353, \$4.00 (21s.); the same in one volume, cloth, \$1.00 (5s.); paper, 60 cents (3s.).

MARTIN LUTHER. By GUSTAV FREYTAG. 26 illustrations, pp. 130. Cloth, \$1.00 (5s.); paper, illustrated, 25 cents (1s. 6d.).

IN PREPARATION.

PRINCIPLES OF BACTERIOLOGY. By Dr. FERDINAND HUEFFER. Translated by E. O. JORDAN, Professor in the University of Chicago. 28 woodcuts, pp. circa 460, \$1.75. (Ready soon.)

PSYCHOLOGY OF REASONING. By ALFRED BINET. Translated from the French by A. GOWANS WHITE.

SCIENCE AND FAITH. By P. TOPIFARD. Translated from the French by THOMAS J. MCCORMACK.

THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING CO., 324 Dearborn St., Chicago.

London: Kegan Paul, Trübner & Co.

THE DIAL PRESS, CHICAGO.